

75 CENTS

JUNE 23, 1975

TIME

SUPER SHARK

'Jaws' on Film
and Other
Summer Thrillers

3/5/75

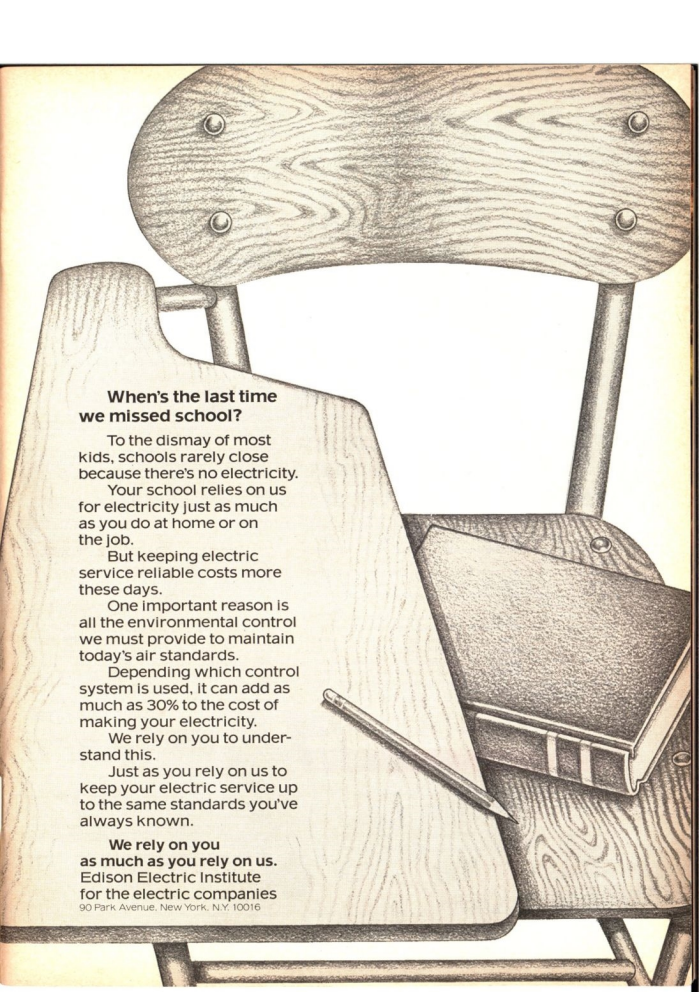
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Come up to KOOL.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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14 mg. tar,
0.9 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

A detailed illustration of a wooden school chair. The chair has a curved backrest with four screws and a wooden seat. On the seat, there is a closed book with a dark cover and a pencil lying diagonally across it. The wood grain is clearly visible on all surfaces.

When's the last time we missed school?

To the dismay of most kids, schools rarely close because there's no electricity.

Your school relies on us for electricity just as much as you do at home or on the job.

But keeping electric service reliable costs more these days.

One important reason is all the environmental control we must provide to maintain today's air standards.

Depending which control system is used, it can add as much as 30% to the cost of making your electricity.

We rely on you to understand this.

Just as you rely on us to keep your electric service up to the same standards you've always known.

**We rely on you
as much as you rely on us.
Edison Electric Institute
for the electric companies**

90 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

TIME is published weekly except semi-weekly during the second week of May, \$18.00 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R. Shepley, President; Clifford J. Grum, Treasurer; Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 105 No. 26 © 1977 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

Lincoln-Mercury announces a new little car. Mercury Bobcat MPG

34

miles per gallon
highway test
(23 mpg city test)

Mercury's new little Bobcat MPG got 34 mpg in government highway dynamometer test, 23 mpg in city test with its standard 2.3 litre 2V 4-cylinder engine, 4-speed man. trans., 3.18 axle and catalyst. Your actual road mileage will depend on driving habits and conditions and your car's equipment.

**Bobcat MPG's government mileage rating
together with increased foreign car prices makes Bobcat
an outstanding value. Here's why:**

	HIGHWAY MILEAGE RATING	CITY MILEAGE RATING	STICKER PRICE*
Mercury Bobcat MPG	34	23	\$3225
Toyota Corona	28	19	\$3679
Fiat 131	26	18	\$3958
VW Rabbit	38	24	\$3330
Datsun 710	33	22	\$3519

*Base sticker prices, excluding title, taxes and freight. Dealer prep. extra on Bobcat, Fiat and VW and may alter comparison in some areas. Bobcat's price includes optional WSW tires. Competitive mileage from EPA Buyer's Guide.



Mercury Bobcat MPG 3-door

Bobcat comes standard with: front disc brakes, rack and pinion steering, solid-state ignition, deeply padded bucket seats, all vinyl interior, full carpeting, sound insulation and the Ford Motor Company Lifeguard Design Safety Features.

MERCURY BOBCAT

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The Seventh Age of Man

To the Editors:

The best advice to children on "How to Help Our Parents" (June 9) might well be the same those children gave when their parents wondered what to give them for birthday/Christmas/graduation, etc.: SEND MONEY.

Lillian Stough
Phoenix

I am 83 years old, living in an excellent nursing home, but with failing sight and hearing like Shakespeare's seventh age of man. I am in a position to say this: Shouldn't compassion, common sense and economics unite to decree that some old folks' lives be mer-

nurse's aide than by his relatives? If nursing homes are "killer institutions," then all sons and daughters of lonely patients are guilty of premeditated murder.

Rosanne Charles
Birmingham, Mich.

If not for my job as a nurse's aide, I would probably be as unconcerned about the plight of our aged as most 22-year-old Americans. However, since I spend my day shaving someone's grandfather, dressing someone's mother, taking someone's third cousin to the toilet, feeding someone's great-aunt, and trying to communicate with someone's father who has suffered a stroke, I often wonder who will be doing these things for me when I'm 63, 78, 92 or 85.

Yesterday I woke a sweet old lady for breakfast and asked how she was. This tiny, crippled old lady replied that she was sorry to say she had not died during the night: she was still here to suffer another day.

Melissa Davis
Tucson, Ariz.

TIME's valuable story on the aged points out that stiffer regulations and better enforcement of existing laws are one way to improve the quality of care for nursing-home residents. I support these moves. But I think we must also confront a more fundamental question: Will any amount of regulation make a difference in a field dominated by those whose primary motivation is maximum profits?

I am increasingly concerned over whether the dynamics of the market place actually work in the long-term care field to assure the consumer a quality product. The elderly consumer often is in no position to choose among competing providers. Choices are made by some third party, who then also pays the bill. Faced with a consumer who is in no position to complain or to reverse his or her decision, the provider has an incentive of sorts to cut corners on services to make bigger profits.

The burden of proof is now on the profit-making homes to demonstrate that they can fulfill the public trust given to them.

Charles H. Percy
Senator from Illinois
Washington, D.C.

When we look at an old person, we see what we may become: one who has lost health, beauty, children, status, income, home, friends and lovers.

The greatest sorrow of the aging human being is an aching loneliness for what is gone forever.

In our clinic, we practice and teach

Dr. Robert Butler's Life Review Therapy. The older person is encouraged to reminisce, so that he can come to value his own unique life and his ability to survive. We, the listeners, are awed and inspired by the stories that unfold.

Kay Kinley Melaney
Western Psychiatric Institute
University of Pittsburgh

A Message to Sadat

Some Israelis find promising attributes in Anwar Sadat (June 9), but there is still doubt whether he has a clear view of the main questions that agitate Israel's mind. I summarize them:

1) The main obstacle is not an Israeli refusal to evacuate territories, but an Arab refusal to make peace. There is an Israeli consensus for territorial concessions. Is there an Arab consensus for peace?

2) Peace has little to do with semantic quibbles about nonbelligerency. Peace means that Arab governments have to behave toward Israel exactly as they behave toward Italy and France. It involves a vast transformation of Arab attitudes, ideas, slogans, policies and conduct. Is any leader explaining this to the Arabs with the candor that characterizes the way some of us are talking to the Israeli people about the need to give up territories for peace?

3) No nation can escape the burden of history. For Egypt this includes the burden of Nasser's terrible act of shattering a condition of relative stability eight years ago. The traumatic effects are still at work in Israel's mind. The peace map must be constructed with precision and care so as to avoid the vulnerabilities of May 1967. This means negotiation. When does Sadat propose to look an Israeli leader in the face and reach a common human understanding?

4) The Palestine solution requires a move from the Palestinians themselves. Their opportunity is to generate a leadership that will say, "Not Palestine instead of Israel, but side by side with Israel—now and into the future." Where is that Palestinian voice, and when will it be heard?

TIME correspondents have written that "Sadat has proved quite capable of bold leadership and blunt talk among Arab leaders." True. But in the last resort, leadership consists of leaders talking bluntly and boldly—to themselves and to each other. This is the Israeli hope from Anwar Sadat.

Abba Eban
Jerusalem

Mr. Eban served as Israel's Foreign Minister from 1966 to 1974.

Pipeline Boom

As an Alaskan, I have a ringside seat at the tragedy that is unfolding here (June 2). Men of greed will exploit and plunder this beautiful land. I am not



cifully terminated? It hurts me to think of the good that could be done with the \$20,000 spent on my yearly expenses.

Cornelia S. Love
High Point, N.C.

TIME has clearly described the grim outlook of isolation and detached social status thrust upon our senior citizens after retirement. The medical profession has been less than totally responsive to the health needs of the elderly. In fact, departments of geriatric medicine are essentially nonexistent in medical schools. As a result, many physicians are not fully aware of the unique psychological stresses associated with aging. Our retired citizens must be provided with community resources for preventive medicine, and treatment clinics preserving the quality of life and the human dignity of the elderly.

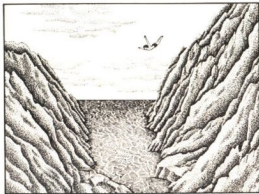
William M. Lukash, M.D.
Rear Admiral, M.C., U.S.N.
Physician to the President
Washington, D.C.

It's a shame when a patient must truthfully admit that he is perhaps appreciated and loved more by a mere

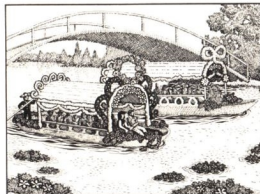
Four things to see in Acapulco and Mexico City, if you're seeing them for the first time.



Mexican dances at the Folklorico Ballet.



The world famous La Perla Cliff Divers.



The Floating Gardens of Xochimilco.



The spectacular Acapulco beaches.

There are many exciting things to see in Acapulco and Mexico City. Provided you know where to look. That's why if you want to go someplace interesting for a change, we have an interesting suggestion. See your travel agent first. He has a wide range of special Braniff packages and tours. One of them is right for you.

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against progress, but based on man's past performance I can only see disaster looming.

*Gordon Bergman
Anchorage, Alaska*

It seems to me that we are experiencing a modern-day Gold Rush. My only hope is that Alaska does not become another California.

*Perry Weiner
New York City*

Your article was by far the most accurate and thorough account I've yet to see in the news media.

*Barbara Metz
Fairbanks, Alaska*

Color Portugal Red?

It is rather easy for Communists to infiltrate a poor country like Portugal (June 2). If Europe and the U.S. were to intervene, they would be defending the majority of the Portuguese people. We had better do something while there is still time or Europe will soon be surrounded by a sea of red.

*Barbara Ann Licht
Vienna*

Shocked

I was shocked when I read your Press story on Cambodia (May 19). I profoundly admire and respect Sydney Schanberg, but you have no right to say that everything written by the other journalists did not begin to compare in volume, drama or detail with Schanberg.

I am also shocked at being singled out as the journalist who broke the embargo, which, anyway, was broken by many. I wish to make it clear that only one of my articles was published one day before the end of this embargo and against my will.

*Patrice de Beer
Correspondent, Le Monde
Bangkok*

Savile Row Vulgarly

There certainly is a London look (June 2). But I can't believe this is it. In my frequent trips to London—and believe me, I do a great deal of looking and buying—I am not aware of Mr. Skinner or his clothes. Certainly Savile Row has changed (much due to the in-ventiveness of Tommy Nutter), but "wrapover leisure jacket"—never.

We in America have long looked to London in men's wear—but for taste, not vulgarity.

*Bill Blass
New York City*

Designer Blass recently added a 1975 American Fashion Award to his laurels.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

TIME, JUNE 23, 1975

Pall Mall Extra Mild

45% less 'tar'

than the
best-selling
filter king.

PALL MALL EXTRA MILD "tar" 10 mg.—nicotine, 0.7 mg.
Best-selling filter king... "tar" 20 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.
Of all brands, lowest... "tar" 2 mg.—nicotine, 0.2 mg.

10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE June 23, 1975 Vol. 105, No. 26

TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

Doing Nothing on Energy

More than 20 months have passed since the oil embargo of 1973, but the U.S. still lacks a comprehensive national energy policy. The Democrat-dominated Congress dislikes the Administration's energy platform, but has failed to produce an alternative. Just last week the House trounced the Ways and Means Committee's proposals to boost federal gasoline taxes and slap a tax on low-mileage automobiles. At the same time, the OPEC cartel announced that oil prices would be going up in October (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*).

In large part, the lawmakers' reluctance to vote a tough program of energy conservation stems from the complacency of their constituents: the long lines at the gas pump were short-lived. The immediate problem seems not supply but price. Those high prices, in combination with the recession, have already appreciably cut into U.S. oil demand. Why make the voters back home suffer, the legislators' reasoning goes, by enacting unpopular measures that might or might not reduce consumption further?

As the U.S. pulls out of its economic slump, however, the demand for oil will rise, and with it the need for a conservation policy with teeth that would decrease imports and slow down depletion of domestic supplies. Alongside it should come a program—funded in part by energy taxes aimed at inducing conservation—to exploit domestic potential to the fullest. To guard against a future

embargo, the Government could purchase a stock pile of oil, with producers submitting sealed bids; that just might stimulate some producing nations to undercut OPEC's prices. The U.S. nonpolicy on energy and congressional inaction are both dangerous and scandalous.

Grass-Roots Management

Too often, public housing projects turn out to be much like low-income dwellings run by private absentee landlords: poorly maintained by owner and tenant alike. So it was in St. Louis, where the 33-building, \$40 million Pruitt-Igoe project, intended two decades ago to be a model for the nation, now stands abandoned and partially demolished. Embarrassed by the fiasco, St. Louis housing officials are trying something new: turning the management of projects over to the tenants themselves.

The 9,000 residents—nearly all of them black and poor—of four of the city's largest public housing developments have been running their own show for more than a year with considerable success. At each project, a salaried tenant-manager, chosen by his neighbors, heads a staff of paid workers and volunteers who do everything from mowing the lawns to patrolling the halls. Besides providing jobs, the system has led to reduced crime, cleaner and greener surroundings, and a general upsurge of civic pride. The projects are not yet free of drug traffic, and some tenants still refuse to cooperate with the new management, but the Federal Government has begun to think about trying the idea elsewhere.

INVESTIGATIONS

Rocky's Probe:

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated...

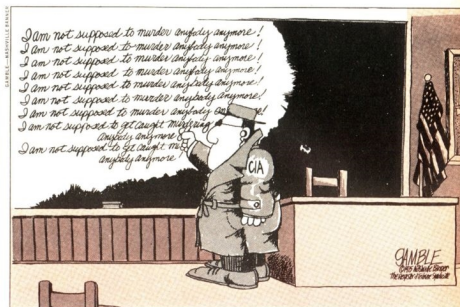
—Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution

The [CIA] shall have no police, subpoena, law-enforcement powers, or internal-security functions.

—National Security Act of 1947

In defiance of Constitution and statute, the Central Intelligence Agency has a sorry record of illegal snooping on Americans that stretches back more than two decades. It has burgled and bugged U.S. homes, tapped citizens' telephones and opened their mail. It has unlawfully infiltrated antiwar groups and black radical organizations and accumulated 7,200 files on those it considered to be dissidents. It has improperly, and sometimes unwittingly, allowed itself to be used by Presidents and their aides for political purposes.

Those were the main findings of an eight-member presidential commission headed by Vice President Nelson Rockefeller after a five-month investigation involving 2,900 pages of documents and testimony from 51 witnesses. Released last week by President Gerald Ford, the commission's 299-page report emphasized that "the great majority of the CIA's domestic activities



THE NATION

Bringing the CIA to Heel

comply with its statutory authority." But the panel found that on numerous occasions, the CIA has violated its charter, which restricts it for the most part to foreign operations. Congress originally set up the agency in 1947 to gather foreign intelligence. Later, as directed by the National Security Council, the CIA undertook covert operations to counter Communist influence in other countries. But the agency has always been prohibited from domestic activities, except those that supported its foreign mission.

The Rockefeller commission found that some of the CIA's illegal activities were brought about by pressure from Presidents, chiefly Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon. Others fell within the gray area between the CIA's legal responsibilities and activities prohibited it by law. But all of the improper activities, the commission declared, "should be criticized and not permitted to happen again—both in the light of the limits imposed on the agency by law and as a matter of public policy." To that end, the commission made 30 recommendations designed primarily to tighten presidential and congressional control over future CIA operations.

The commission's investigation largely confirmed allegations—made initially by New York Times Reporter Seymour Hersh—that the CIA had conducted a "massive" domestic intelligence operation in the U.S. during the

late 1960s and early 1970s. The commission did not use the word massive, perhaps because CIA Director William Colby and his predecessors had denied that there were illegal activities of that magnitude. Colby admitted only a relative handful of CIA abuses in a report to the Senate Armed Services Committee (TIME, Jan. 27). But the commission used other words, such as "considerable," "large-scale" and "substantial," that left no doubt that its members had considered the extent of the CIA's improper or illegal activities to be as broad and disturbing as the agency's more responsible critics had claimed.

The report's detail and comprehensiveness surprised many Administration opponents, especially congressional Democrats, who had feared a whitewash. Still they are unlikely to be satisfied that the entire record has been laid bare until after the Senate committee finishes investigating the CIA later this year. The chairman of the Senate probe, Democrat Frank Church of Idaho, declared that the Rockefeller commission report "may represent just the tip of the iceberg." Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield called the report "good but not complete." In particular, the Democrats were disappointed that Ford had not released 85 pages of the original report that dealt with charges of CIA involvement in assassination plots against foreign leaders. Ford explained that the

investigation of assassination plots, which he had asked the commission to look into only after its work was well under way, was "incomplete and involves extremely sensitive matters." But he promised to deliver all of the commission's evidence, including materials on assassinations, to the congressional investigating committees. In addition, he turned the same evidence over to the Justice Department and ordered it to determine whether criminal charges should be brought against anyone because of the CIA abuses.

Even without the section on assassinations, the report provided a wide-ranging picture of CIA misdeeds that went far beyond both previous press accounts and Colby's statements. The major findings:

MAIL OPENINGS. Starting during the cold war, the CIA conducted four programs to examine the mails between the U.S. and Communist countries, chiefly the Soviet Union. The projects were in New York, from 1952 to 1973; in San Francisco, during four separate periods of a month or less in 1969, 1970 and 1971; in Hawaii in late 1954 and early 1955; and in New Orleans for three weeks in 1957. The chief purposes were to keep track of Americans who were corresponding with Communist officials and to assess Communist secret-writing and censorship techniques.

Initially, the CIA led postal officials to believe that the projects would involve only examination of the outside of the envelopes ("mail cover" in CIA parlance), which is legal. But apparently unknown to Postmaster General Arthur



OPENING AMERICANS' MAIL



CIA DIRECTOR WILLIAM COLBY & FORMER DIRECTOR RICHARD HELMS

Summerfield, his successors and most other top postal officials, the CIA used its mail cover to open many of the letters, which is illegal unless authorized by a search warrant. In the last full year of the New York operation, for example, eight CIA employees examined the envelopes of more than 2.3 million items of mail between the U.S. and the Soviet Union, photographed about 33,000 and opened about 8,700, most of those in the latter category, because their senders or intended recipients were on a CIA list of dissidents or suspected Communist sympathizers.

The commission found that top CIA officials knew that the mail openings were illegal. For example, an internal

CIA memorandum warned in 1962 that "a flap would put us out of business immediately and give rise to grave charges of criminal misuse of the mail by Government agencies." Similarly the commission learned that during one of the San Francisco operations, CIA representatives abstracted and "concealed selected pieces of mail in an equipment case or a handbag," apparently without the knowledge of a postal official who was present. Later CIA officials analyzed the contents of the purloined letters, resealed the envelopes and surreptitiously returned them to the post office.

OPERATION CHAOS. During the anti-war and black radical protests of the late 1960s and early '70s, both Presidents

Illustrations for TIME by Barron Storey

Assassination as Foreign Policy

If the allegations that the CIA fostered assassinations as an instrument of policy were to be proved true, the U.S. would be put in rather rare historical company. Although killing rulers and leaders is a human practice that sometimes seems commonplace, it has usually been the work of individual fanatics, rival factions within a nation, insurrectionists, nationalists seeking to throw off external government, or citizens moved to eliminate a tyrant. Seldom have governments set out to kill the principals of other governments as a matter of cool policy, even with the bloodiest provocation.

According to Historian Hugh Trevor-Roper, a senior British intelligence officer during World War II, Winston Churchill issued a directive forbidding his intelligence agencies to get involved in assassination plots against Hitler and Mussolini. Churchill is thought to have feared such attempts would be counterproductive and certain to provoke reprisals of the kind the Nazis visited on Lidice in 1942.

The precepts and precedents for assassination as foreign policy are muddy, as a sampling of history demonstrates. In the 4th century B.C. martial classic

The Art of War, Sun Tzu mentions the value of secret agents to a sovereign "in the case of people you wish to assassinate." The *Book of Judges* describes how Ehud, acting in behalf of the defeated Israelites, assassinated Eglon, the King of Moab. There is the story of the widow Judith saving the Israelites by cutting off the head of Nebuchadnezzar's general, Holofernes, who was besieging Bethulia. Such killings, however, were defiant acts against a conqueror and thus not strictly foreign policy assassinations. Rome was sufficiently bloody with assassinations—the murders of Julius Caesar and Tiberius Gracchus, for example—but these were factional acts, intramural mayhem.

History's classic murders for policy purposes were committed by the 11th-century Moslem sect of Assassins, founded by the fanatically ambitious Hasan ibn-al-Sabbah. Established in a rocky fortress in the Elburz mountains, Hasan propagated his autocratic rule by a program of systematic murder. His killers were the *Fida'is* (devout ones), young men trained from adolescence in a sort of Green Beret tradition to murder with a variety of weapons.

The Moslem conception of paradise made an ideal recruiting device. An account written by Marco Polo reported that Hasan educated the *Fida'is* to believe every conceivable bodily pleasure awaited them after death. As a forerunner, he had them heavily drugged and transported to magnificent gardens constructed near his palace; there, under the influence of heavy doses of hashish,* the *Fida'is* were ministered to for several days by beautiful women, then drugged unconscious again and returned to real life convinced they had seen paradise. After that, they would undertake any suicide mission.

The Thugs in India were another murderous sect, but they killed not for political control but in devotion to Kali, the Hindu goddess of destruction, and for gain. Like the Assassins, the Thugs bore some resemblance to modern spies in their undercover operations, methods of infiltration and disguise.

Political assassination was frequent in highly civilized 8th century Spain. Most murders were committed by rival factions. So, too, in the Ottoman Empire, where assassination was used for

*The word assassin is commonly thought to be derived from *hashshashin* (consumers of hashish), although it may also come from the Arabic root *harza*, which means, among other things, to kill or exterminate.

Johnson and Nixon were obsessed with the idea that the dissidents were financed or otherwise influenced by foreign subversive groups, and put great pressure on the CIA to find evidence to prove it. According to the commission, the agency's repeated reports that it could find no significant foreign connections with domestic disorders led only to more insistent White House demands that CIA officials look harder and "remedy any lack of resources for gathering information."

In 1967 the CIA established within its counterintelligence staff a special group, called Operation CHAOS, ostensibly to gather information abroad about U.S. dissidents' foreign contacts. Located in a vaulted basement area at CIA headquarters in Langley, Va., CHAOS operated under secrecy that was excessive by even CIA standards, leading the commission to conclude that top CIA officials knew "that the operation, at least in part, was close to being a proscribed activity." For instance, CHAOS' chief reported directly to then CIA Director Richard Helms, rather than to Counterintelligence Chief James Angleton, who was not even informed of all of the operation's activities. Eventually, CHAOS had 52 full-time employees and about 30 part-time agents and accumulated some 13,000 files, including 7,200 on American citizens and organizations. Drawing from those files and related documents, officials developed an index

of 300,000 names, which were stored in a CIA computer. Some of its entries were as absurd as well as illegal (because the operation exceeded the CIA's statutory authority). For example, CHAOS analysts opened a file on Grove Press after the firm published a book by British Double Agent Kim Philby. The file was so unduly complete that it even contained reviews of the sexually explicit movie /

Am Curious (Yellow) because it was distributed by Grove Press.

Although Operation CHAOS' official purpose—keeping track of U.S. radicals' overseas contacts—fell well within the CIA charter, some of its activities were illegal. On a number of occasions, agent recruits who had infiltrated dissident groups to establish cover before going abroad reported improperly on radicals'



AGENTS SPYING ON ANTIWAR PROTESTERS FOR OPERATION CHAOS

political consolidation and transfer of power. When Sultan Murad III died in 1595 leaving 20 sons out of 47 surviving children, Murad's successor, Mohammed III, eliminated his competition by murdering his 19 brothers.

European rulers rarely resorted to assassination abroad, partly because of a sense of fair play inherited from the medieval chivalric code, partly because assassinating rival monarchs inevitably invited retaliation. In the Italian city states of the Renaissance, of course, the Medicis, Viscontis and Sforzas practiced murder against rivals in politics, love or family quarrels with satanic ardor. The first and possibly the worst was Ezzelino da Romano, the 13th century despot of Padua and Verona. "Here for the first time," wrote Historian Jacob Burckhardt, "the attempt was openly made to found a throne by wholesale murder and endless barbarities." Pope Alexander VI (Rodrigo Borgia), with his children Cesare and Lucrezia, used assassination for political ends when they eliminated the son of the King of Naples in the 16th century.

As part of a church-state struggle, four knights assassinated Thomas à Becket, the Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1170, believing (with some reason) that Henry II wanted his former friend

eliminated. The Reformation brought with it assassination as an instrument of religion, if not foreign policy, especially in the struggle between Roman Catholics and Huguenots in France. Before his accession to the throne, Henry III helped his mother, Catherine de Medicis, plot the assassination of Admiral Coligny and other Huguenot leaders. He himself was assassinated in 1589 by a monk; his successor, Henry of Navarre, a Huguenot who later became a Catholic, was murdered in 1640 by a Catholic religious fanatic.

Elizabeth I of England survived a number of plots on her life, including some morally backed, if not specifically commissioned by the Vatican and Philip II of Spain. But the English monarchs themselves tended to rely on executions under law rather than assassinations. Mary, Queen of Scots, Thomas More and others were thus dispatched.

The seismic collapse of Europe in 1914 brought on the modern age of political assassinations. Russia's Prime Minister Pyotr Stolypin had already been killed in 1911 by Dimitri Bogrov, who may have been acting as a revolutionary or a police agent. Then Serbian nationalists assassinated Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand—a dissident act that brought on the first World War.

Stalin murdered millions, but seldom assassinated to enforce foreign policy. It might be argued that the elimination of Leon Trotsky in his Mexican exile in 1940 was an act of policy, but he was a Russian. A better example was the death of Czechoslovak Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk in 1948, a defenestration that the official report described as suicide but was almost surely an act of the Kremlin.

Hitler's myriad executioners sometimes operated abroad. One early victim was Austrian Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, killed in 1934 by Austrian Nazis. A Croatian secret society called the Ustachis, with possible assistance from Mussolini's and Hitler's governments, killed French Foreign Minister Jean Louis Barthou and King Alexander of Yugoslavia in Marseille in 1934.

But all in all, it is surprising how few clearly government-ordered assassinations of foreign leaders are recorded in history. In some cases, doubtless the bloody trail leading back to a rival capital or throne was simply successfully covered. But in most cases, it seems morality or pragmatic politics allowed the targets, however tempting, to remain untouched. Like modern urban murder, assassination seems historically either a family affair or a psychotic act.



LSD SUICIDE IN NEW YORK

domestic activities. Such reporting, when warranted, is the legal province of the FBI. Further, the CIA used one agent to report on major domestic demonstrations in 1969, and another to obtain information about the leaders of an unnamed group in the U.S. The agency questioned still a third agent about dissidents in 1971 and passed his answers on to the FBI. Helms told the commission that he was unaware of the domestic use of agents—one of the rare instances in which a CIA director claimed ignorance of abuses turned up by the panel.

In another operation, the CIA's office of security paid about a dozen agents a monthly retainer of \$100 or less in 1967-68 to infiltrate several activist organizations in the Washington area, including the Women's Strike for Peace and the Congress of Racial Equality. The ostensible purpose was to keep the CIA informed of plans for demonstrations that might endanger its employees, buildings or operations. To that end, the office compiled a weekly situation report and calendar of planned demonstrations that was shared with the Secret Service. That office also maintained files on as many as 800 dissidents.

But the CIA also used its agents to ferret out information about the organizations' financing and to photograph their leaders and determine their attitudes and home addresses. When the Washington police department organized a similar undercover operation, the CIA stopped its own project as unnecessary. Still the commission concluded that the CIA operation "went far beyond steps necessary to protect the agency's own facilities, personnel and operations, and therefore exceeded the CIA's statutory authority."

THE NATION

SECURITY INVESTIGATIONS. By law the CIA is responsible for investigating breaches of its own security. The commission found that some of the methods used by the CIA to scrutinize the activities of its employees have been illegal or at the least of questionable propriety. For example, the commission turned up twelve break-ins, the last in 1971; 32 domestic wiretaps, the last in 1965; and 32 instances of bugging, the last in 1968. In a footnote, however, the report warned that "there may actually have been more 'mike and wire' operations than the commission has otherwise been able to document." In one case in the late 1940s and early '50s, the CIA used agent surveillance, wiretaps and bugs to keep tabs for eight years on an employee who was suspected of having contacts with Communist sympathizers; he eventually was fired. In the late 1960s the CIA cut through the walls of an employee's apartment to plant seven microphones; no evidence of disloyalty was found.

The commission reported no evidence that CIA investigations of security breaches were directed against any Congressman, judge or other public official. But the panel learned that the CIA tapped without proper judicial authorization the telephones of three newsmen in 1959 and in 1962 and assigned agents to follow other reporters in 1967, '71 and '72 in an effort to identify their sources.

WHITE HOUSE PRESSURES. The commission found that on several occasions the CIA gave in to improper pressure from the Nixon White House in providing help to presidential aides. As Watergate investigators had determined previously, the CIA in 1971 drew up a psychiatric profile of antiwar activist Daniel Ellsberg; aides to President Nixon intended to use it to discredit Ellsberg's motives for leaking the Pentagon papers. That same year, the CIA gave Watergate burglar E. Howard Hunt, a former agency employee, bogus identification papers, disguise materials, a camera and tape recorder that he later used in the break-in at the Beverly Hills office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist, Dr. Lewis Fielding.

Nonetheless, the Rockefeller panel turned up no evidence that the CIA had known about or participated in the Fielding and Watergate break-ins or aided the White House cover-up. But the commission roundly criticized the agency for not willingly cooperating with the Watergate investigation from the outset. At first, for example, the CIA withheld some information about Watergate suspects who were former employees or agents. Moreover, the commission decided that Helms had used "poor judgment" in destroying tapes and transcripts in 1973 that were related to the agency's dealings with Hunt. Said the report: "It reflects a serious lack of comprehension of the obligation of any citizen to produce for investigating authorities evidence in his possession of

possible relevance to criminal conduct."

The report also disclosed that in the spring of 1970, at the request of the White House, the CIA improperly provided \$33,655.68 to help pay for replies to people who had written to President Nixon after the invasion of Cambodia. The White House sought the funds from the CIA apparently because its "secret budget provided an opportunity to hide the expenditures." In 1971 Nixon made another improper demand on Helms for highly sensitive files relating to the 1958 U.S. landing in Lebanon, the 1961 Bay of Pigs invasion, the 1962 Cuban missile crisis and the 1963 fall of the Diem government in South Viet Nam. Nixon told Helms that he wanted the documents as part of his short-lived program to declassify Government documents; if that had been true, the request would have been perfectly proper. But in fact, the commission reported, Nixon hoped that the documents would provide information that would discredit critics of his policies, particularly Senator Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts.

CRIMINAL INVESTIGATIONS. For 20 years, the Justice Department improperly allowed the CIA the sole authority



IMPRISONED DEFECTOR

to decide whether to prosecute federal criminal charges involving CIA employees and agents. Never confirmed in writing, the agreement apparently was made orally in 1954 by then Deputy Attorney General William Rogers, who later served as Eisenhower's Attorney General and Nixon's Secretary of State, and then CIA Director Allen Dulles. Top agency officials had argued that the arrangement was necessary to eliminate any danger of public disclosure of CIA operations and procedures. So secret was the deal that according to Justice Department Press Officer Robert Havel, several of the Attorneys General in the ensuing years were not told of it.

During the 20-year period, no CIA employee was prosecuted on federal charges, apparently because of the agreement. Offenders were simply qui-

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THE NATION

etly weeded out of the agency. The commission found "nothing to indicate that the CIA abused the function." Nonetheless, the report strongly criticized the Justice Department for having illegally "abdicated its statutory duties" in relinquishing the authority to prosecute American spooks and the CIA for getting involved "directly in forbidden law-enforcement activities." Attorney General Edward Levi ended the agreement last January soon after learning about it. Aides reported that he is prepared to prosecute, where it is warranted, CIA employees and agents for any crimes committed while the agreement was in force, though the statute of limitations for most cases expired in 1970.

DEFECTORS. Generally the CIA resettles defectors to the U.S. within a few months. In one case, however, the commission discovered that the CIA had illegally held a defector against his will—in effect, imprisoned him without trial—in an unnamed CIA installation for about three years while the agency determined whether he was a genuine defector or a spy. According to the report, "for much of this time, the defector was held in solitary confinement under extremely spartan living conditions." Eventually, he was released and, despite his treatment, became a U.S. citizen. In another case, the panel reported, "a defector was physically abused, although not seriously injured." The report included no other details except that the CIA employee involved was fired.

BRAINWASHING. Concerned over Soviet and North Korean brainwashing techniques, the CIA in the late 1940s and early '50s began testing the effects of behavior-influencing drugs, radiation and electric shock. Many of the records were later destroyed. But the commission learned that the CIA had fed LSD to a number of unsuspecting people between 1953 and '63. In one case in 1953, an employee of the Army developed such serious side effects that he was sent to New York for psychiatric treatment. Several days later, he jumped to his death from the tenth-floor window of his hotel room. According to the report, Dulles reprimanded the two CIA employees involved, but the study continued for another ten years, even though several other test subjects became ill for hours or days.

KENNEDY ASSASSINATION. The commission dismissed recurring theories that the CIA was somehow involved in the assassination of President John Kennedy. The report rejects as "far-fetched speculation" the claim that the agency had connections with either Assassin Lee Harvey Oswald or Nightclub Owner Jack Ruby, who killed Oswald two days after Kennedy's death. Similarly the commission dismantled the theory that E. Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis, a sometime CIA informer, had participated in the assassination. As evidence, proponents have cited news-men's photographs of three men taken



THE CIA & WATERGATE

into custody by Dallas police after the assassination; two of the men, identified by police as derelicts, bear a faint resemblance to Hunt and Sturgis. At the commission's request, FBI Photoanalyst Lyndal Shaneyfelt studied the photographs and determined that they were not of Hunt or Sturgis. Moreover, the panel found no evidence that either man was in Dallas that day.

Nor could the commission find any evidence that Hunt and Sturgis had known each other before 1971. One unidentified witness asserted that Sturgis, born Frank Fiorini, had taken his name from the fictional character Hank Sturgis in Hunt's 1949 novel *Bimini Run*. But the commission found court records that Sturgis had changed his name in 1952 at the request of his mother, who had divorced his father and married a man named Ralph Sturgis.

Although it could not reassess all of the monumental Kennedy assassination evidence, the panel agreed with the Warren Commission that Oswald had acted alone. Some critics have claimed that two bystanders' movies of the assassination recorded the indistinct images of other gunmen on a grassy knoll near where Kennedy was shot. But the Rockefeller commission found that the vague shapes were "merely the momentary image produced by sunlight, shadows and leaves."

One of the movies also recorded violent back-and-forth movements of Kennedy's head and body, leading some people to believe that he was struck by bullets from two directions: from the rear by Oswald and from the front by someone else. But medical witnesses told the Rockefeller panel that the movements were caused by a neuromuscular reaction to the bullet entering from behind and that there was no medical evi-

idence that Kennedy was shot from any other direction. In fact, one witness said, the motions of Kennedy's body could not possibly have been caused by a frontal bullet's impact. The report said that the witness "attributed the popular misconception on this subject to the dramatic effects employed in television and motion picture productions."

RECOMMENDATIONS. To prevent future CIA abuses, the commission made 30 recommendations. The three most important:

1) Congress should establish a joint committee to supervise the CIA's operations in place of the four subcommittees that have loosely and inadequately overseen the agency since 1947.

2) Congress should give "careful consideration" to making the CIA budget public "at least to some extent" to eliminate partly the pervading atmosphere of secrecy, which the commission considered to be "one of the underlying causes of the problems confronting the CIA."

3) The functions of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, now a toothless body of distinguished citizens, should be expanded to include full oversight of the CIA. To do the job, the board should be given a full-time chairman and a full-time staff.

The report also recommended a number of changes that would tighten internal controls over employees. Among them were proposals to add a second deputy director for administration and to expand the role of the CIA's inspector general to include investiga-

THE NATION

tion of reports by employees that the agency was violating the law.

But the commission found no way to shield the CIA director from improper White House pressures in the future, other than to admonish both Presidents and directors to adhere strictly to the CIA charter. The exhortations struck many experts as worthless. As one Rockefeller commission staff member put it: "You need oversight of the presidency more than you need oversight of the CIA." Ray Cline, a former CIA official and director of intelligence for the State Department who knew both Johnson and Nixon, noted: "They were very strong-minded men. A director of Central Intelligence who said, 'Go to hell' to one of them would not have been director of Central Intelligence next day." As one solution to the problem, Church

that part of its investigation and issuing a report by mid-July. Last week, however, the committee was stymied temporarily when Robert Maheu, a former associate of reclusive Billionaire Howard Hughes, refused to answer questions about his role as a liaison between the CIA and organized crime figures in an alleged plot to assassinate Cuban Dictator Fidel Castro. The committee has voted to try to get Maheu to testify by granting him limited immunity from prosecution. CIA schemes to do away with Castro sometimes reached bizarre proportions. TIME learned last week that in 1960 some agency officials proposed to kill him with poisoned cigars. The CIA's medical section even prepared a box of suitably doctored fine Havana cigars, though the cigars seem never to have left the laboratory; as other CIA em-

CIA turned over three fast-firing M-1 carbines and 500 rounds of ammunition concealed in a box of groceries to an intermediary for delivery to Angel Severo Cabral, a member of a group of right-wing Dominicans who were plotting against Trujillo. They apparently had expected more extensive material help from the CIA. When Cabral saw the rifles, he angrily declared: "This is the pyramid of arms, the arsenal we were promised that wouldn't fit into a garage?" In any case, four of the conspirators took one of the rifles with them when they ambushed the dictator in May 1961, though they actually gunned him down with a sawed-off shotgun fired at pointblank range as he cringed by the side of his car.

In fact the Rockefeller commission delved into assassination plots against only two targets—Trujillo and Castro. Both probes were incomplete, but a commission member reported that no evidence was turned up that implicated any Presidents. In each case, he said, "it doesn't really track much higher than someone in the CIA saying that he thinks he talked to someone on the National Security Council staff, and the NSC people saying that they can't remember anything about it. The inference is that the CIA wouldn't have gone off on its own without direction from above, but it's only an inference."

After the hearings are over and all of the evidence has been collected, the investigators must still find a solution to the difficult problem of how to prevent future CIA misdeeds without impairing the agency's ability to carry out its legitimate—and vital—foreign intelligence mission.

The U.S. obviously cannot afford to disband the CIA; it would simply have to be reinvented in another guise. For all the progress of détente, the world is still a dangerous place, other nations have industrious and aggressive secret services at work. Nonetheless, ways must be found to curb the CIA's excesses, to ensure that the agency operates in the nation's best interests. The Rockefeller commission dealt with one part of the problem: how to make certain that U.S. spies restrict their snooping to enemies abroad. The commission left to the Congress the equally important problem of how to prevent CIA excesses abroad, such as assassination plots and other flagrant abuses of American principles. Before those investigations have run their course, the debate may become far more intricate. For those issues are not bounded by clear rules of law but precepts of morality and, ultimately, the way the U.S. perceives its responsibilities as a civilized nation.



CONSPIRATORS ASSASSINATING DOMINICAN REPUBLIC DICTATOR TRUJILLO

favors fines or prison sentences for CIA directors if they violate the law, reasoning that penalties would give them a much stronger case for resisting a President's improper blandishments.

SENATE INQUIRY. That doubtless will be one of the Church committee's recommendations when it completes its investigation of the CIA at the end of the year. Another probe of the agency was to begin in the House last week but broke down because of a prolonged controversy over the admission by the investigating committee's chairman, Lucien Nedzi, that he had been briefed by the CIA in 1973 about its involvement in assassination plans and domestic espionage. Because of the seeming conflict of interest—the committee might have to investigate Nedzi's failure to act on the matter—five of his six Democratic colleagues insisted that he resign. Nedzi did so last week. The squabble virtually ensured that the main investigation will be left to the Church committee.

Church scorned the Rockefeller commission for having "finessed" the charges of CIA assassination plots and promised that his committee would concentrate on them in hopes of finishing

plots apparently pointed out, there was no way of making sure that Castro would not pass them out to other people.

The CIA has also been accused of being involved in plots to kill South Viet Nam's President Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963, Haitian Dictator François ("Papa Doc") Duvalier that same year, Congo Nationalist Patrice Lumumba in 1961 and Dominican Republic Dictator Rafael Trujillo in 1961. Last week TIME Correspondent Bernard Diederich, who has spent four years researching a book on Trujillo's assassination, reported that the CIA actually was involved in three plots to kill the dictator. In 1958 the agency promised to provide a group of dissident Dominicans with a sharpshooter and rifle if they could induce Dominican General Rodriguez Reyes to lead a coup after Trujillo's death. The plot backfired when Reyes told a conspirator: "Trujillo made me, and I am a Trujillo man."

Two years later the CIA brought 60 Dominican exiles to a secret site in Venezuela, intending to use them as the spearhead of an invasion force to overthrow and kill Trujillo. But the Dominicans decided that the mission would be suicidal and backed out. In 1961, the

Pushing the Arab Cause in America

Eleven members of the Egyptian Parliament fanned out across the U.S. last April, appearing on local television programs, speaking to businessmen's groups, Governors and mayors. Last week, as Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin was stating the Israeli case in meetings at the White House, a team of six prominent Saudi Arabians completed a two-month swing through such cities as Cedar Rapids, St. Paul, Memphis and Denver. Lebanese Journalist and Spokesman Clovis Maksoud is in the midst of a four-month speaking mission from New York to Texas to California as special envoy of the 20-nation Arab League and chief Arab propagandist in the U.S. "It is important," says Maksoud, "that we catch up on 25 years of deficient communications, that we know each other through each other and not through the Israeli optic."

Oil Power. For years, Arabs and Arab Americans mounted only small and fitful campaigns to present their side of the Middle East story to Americans. But since the 1973 war, Arabs have been making their case heard. Some Arab Americans are participating in demonstrations, often for the first time. Through advertising in a growing number of newspapers and appearances by Arab spokesmen, in programs to politicize Arab Americans and encourage cultural pride, many organizations are fighting for the American hearts and minds that may ultimately influence so much of the outcome in the Middle East.

Today, says Ambassador Amin Hilmy II, the Arab League's representative at the U.N., "the picture that was painted of us—as mentally retarded cowards who couldn't handle modern machinery and would not stand and fight—has been disproved. Now Americans know that's wrong. Instead of our having to plead with them to listen, they ask us to tell them more."

The Arabs' message holds that a pro-Israeli stance by the U.S. runs counter to U.S. national interests—a clear reference to the power of oil and to Soviet influence in the region. The Palestinians, the Arabs say, have endured such sufferings that they deserve international support in the same way that the Jews deserved it after World War II. The pro-Arab spokesmen argue that Israel has been the consistent aggressor—back to biblical times, according to one full-

page newspaper ad—and is blocking peace efforts. Further, they contend, American policy has been distorted by the undue influence of Jewish organizations in the U.S.

The Arab lobby is still comparatively fragmented and modest—no match yet for the vastly powerful and persuasive pro-Israeli lobby in the U.S. (TIME cover, March 10). The Arab group is actually a loose confederation speaking from a common point of view.

Carrying the Arabs' message are some 20 organizations, ranging from moderate, scholarly enterprises to a number with an abrasively propagandistic bent. Some, like the Lebanese Association for Information on Palestine and the Institute for Palestine Studies, are based and financed outside the U.S. The Arab nations' embassies and consulates—particularly those of Egypt, Kuwait and Jordan—have been active in spreading information. The Palestine Liberation Organization runs a small New York office, an operation distinct from the older and highly vituperative Palestine Arab delegation, which is also based in New York. Among the other groups at work in the U.S.:

► The Arab League's U.S. branch,

working with a budget of \$600,000 a year, has five Arab information centers in the U.S. (Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Dallas and New York). The league sends literature to newspapers, campuses and Arab-American groups.

► The National Association of Arab Americans, in Washington, presses the Arab point of view with the Government. Says Executive Director Helen Haje: "I keep in touch with the State Department on almost a daily basis." N.A.A.A. has no lobbyist on Capitol Hill, but it encourages its membership of 1,000 in 44 states to contact Senators and Congressmen. The group monitors the U.S. press, dispatching letters of complaint about what it considers biased articles.

► The Association of Arab American University Graduates, founded in 1967 and headquartered in Detroit, boasts 1,200 members. Like the N.A.A.A., it provides literature and speakers, organizes seminars and conferences, encourages ethnic and cultural pride among Arab Americans by organizing art shows and sometimes protesting against stereotypes in textbooks.

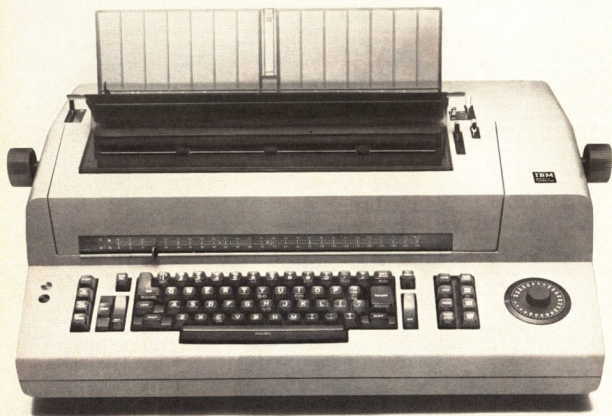
► American Near East Refugee Aid, a voluntary relief agency set up in 1968 to ease the lot of Palestinian refugees, budgets \$300,000 a year in aid. American corporations supply about 40% of the money, with oil companies putting up 30%. By far the biggest gift was Gulf Oil's \$2.2 million in late 1973, after the Yom Kippur War. A.N.E.R.A. does not lobbying as such, but its officers often speak in the Arabs' behalf. Last fall it dispatched a radio kit containing a record with suggested public-service announcements to 2,000 stations across the country, and its bimonthly newsletter circulates to 17,000.

Many other groups speak up for the Arab cause. The Washington-based Middle East Institute is one of the oldest and most prestigious organizations; its members include many former U.S. diplomats whose service in the Arab world left them sympathetic to the Arab cause. The Committee on New Alternatives in the Middle East, based in New York, has a pacifist orientation and some Jewish members; it specializes in promoting Israeli speakers who oppose current Israeli policy.

The Saudi Arabians, who until 1972 were represented by the public relations firm of Hill & Knowlton, Inc., are shopping for a new agency. Martin Ryan Haley & Associates, Inc., which provides its clients with expertise on politics and Government operations, is at work for several Arab countries, de-

ARAB AMERICANS DEMONSTRATING IN DEARBORN, MICH.





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Corn sirup and sugar	20.3	20.8	21.4	21.7
Oat food products	3.2	3.2	3.2	3.2
Barley food products	1.2	1.2	1.2	1.2
Wheat:				
Flour	112	118	110	110
Breakfast cereals	2.9	2.9	2.9	2.9
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"Circumstances are on our side now."

veloping ideas to improve their standing in the U.S. among Haley's proposals: a heavy investment on American campuses, setting up large numbers of Arab study centers, importing visiting professors from Arab lands and promoting exchange visits of all kinds.

American oil companies have donated at least \$9 million to various groups over the past eight years. The subject is sensitive to the companies. Gulf Oil's Chairman Bob Dorsey, under questioning by Idaho's Senator Frank Church, revealed that his company had given \$50,000 for an education program to promote U.S. "understanding" of the Arab side; last month a conference of presidents of 32 Jewish organizations called for "acts of conscience"—a boycott, in effect—against the company.*

Syrian Forebears. Aramco, a consortium composed of the Saudi Arabians, Exxon, Mobil, Texaco and Standard Oil of California, gives about \$200,000 a year to support groups in the Arab lobby. In the past twelve years, Mobil has donated \$170,000. Exxon, excluding its gifts for Arab studies at various U.S. schools, contributes about \$150,000 a year. Most oil companies are reluctant to discuss such gifts, but despite the oil companies' obvious self-interest, Aramco Senior Vice President Joseph J. Johnston insists that the donations could play a crucial educational role. "It would be useful," he says, "if Americans had a little better understanding of Arabs as a people. Everyone thinks of Arabs as living in a tent with four wives or driving a Cadillac. The Arab is hardly any different from you or me."

Arab Americans have long been among the nation's least visible and vocal minorities. Al Amen, an Arab community activist in Dearborn, Mich., says he could not get a job at a local community college because, in the words of a college official: "You're not black,

*Oil company contributions to Arab or other information and education drives are legal. But the legal status of Gulf's \$50,000 gift is still unclear.

you're not white, and you don't speak Spanish." He complains that Arab Americans, contemptuously called "camel jockeys," are never given time off for Islamic holidays. Arab Americans are relatively small in number—between 1 million and 1.5 million—and they are dispersed in the nation and split by their disparate national and religious (both Christian and Moslem) origins. But Arab-American pride is asserting itself, especially in Detroit's community (about 80,000 people) and on Brooklyn's Atlantic Avenue.

Like any immigrant group, Arab Americans have found their way in a variety of occupations—as peddlers, small shopkeepers, cooks, restaurant owners, then lawyers, doctors, engineers. Now they point proudly to such men as Ralph Nader. Comedian Danny Thomas, Heart Surgeon Michael DeBakey and former Pan Am President Najeeb Halaby, who are all descended from Lebanese or Syrian forebears. One great hero is South Dakota's James Abourezk, a Lebanese American who is the first person of Arab extraction to make it to the U.S. Senate.

How effective is the Arab lobby? To date, it has been less successful with Congress, which remains overwhelmingly in favor of Israel. One of the worst setbacks for the Arabs came last month when 76 Senators signed a letter to President Ford encouraging him to allot aid sufficient "to be responsive to Israel's urgent military and economic needs." Abourezk says that as far as Congress is concerned, "we don't have an Arab lobby. The Israeli lobby is running a protection racket up here on the Hill."

Open Mind. The Arabs' newspaper ads used to be remarkably crude, and some still seem strangely unprofessional. The *Wall Street Journal* recently rejected as "in poor taste, inflammatory and inaccurate" an ad attacking U.S. arms shipments to Israel. But the *Christian Science Monitor*, which is the major U.S. newspaper considered most sympathetic to the Arabs, ran the ad. Other advertisements, notably those of the Lebanese Association for Information on Palestine, have become more sophisticated. Instead of harping on the supposed evils of Zionism, they have shifted emphasis to the Palestinians' plight. Those ads have encouraged many Americans at least to keep an open mind.

"We have been very bad at advertising, at public relations for many years," says Hilmy. "Ah, but we have improved, and we will continue to improve." The Arabs are still outgunned in the crucial propaganda and political battle in the U.S., but they have just begun to fight.

CRIME

The S.L.A. Verdict

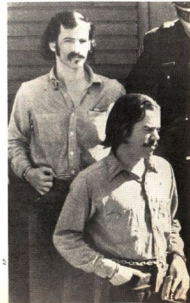
The day after Oakland, Calif., School Superintendent Marcus Foster was gunned down on the street in November 1973, a newspaper and local radio station received notes from something enigmatically called the Symbionese Liberation Army, which claimed credit for the killing. The S.L.A. blamed Foster, an imaginative and progressive black educator, for trying to establish what it called a repressive security system in the Oakland schools.


It was not until three months later that the S.L.A. achieved its bizarre notoriety by kidnapping Patricia Hearst, who became a convert and fellow fugitive. Meanwhile, two S.L.A. members named Russell Little, a former philosophy student, and Joseph Remiro, a Viet Nam veteran, were arrested and eventually charged with the Foster murder.

The defendants claimed that they were "prisoners of war" and refused until three weeks into their ten-week trial to appear in court. Then they reversed themselves and asked to come to Judge Elvin Sheehy's heavily guarded courtroom. They cross-examined witnesses, and at one point Little lost his temper and tried to throttle a witness on the stand.

After hearing more than 150 witnesses and considering more than 800 pieces of evidence, the jury retired. Lacking any direct evidence or witness placing Little and Remiro at the scene of the crime, the all-white jury argued for an extraordinary eleven days about whether the web of circumstances was tight enough to warrant conviction. Finally, last week the jurors were unanimous. They found Little and Remiro guilty of murder in Foster's death and attempted murder of Foster's assistant, who was wounded in the attack.

REMIRO & LITTLE DURING TRIAL



A man in a brown suit and glasses is crouching on a severely cracked and potholed asphalt road. He is looking towards the right, where another man is crouching. In the background, a red tractor is parked on the grassy shoulder of the road.

"Fixing up these country roads takes a lot of tax dollars."

Opposing views? Perhaps, but both are right. We have to be concerned about government expenditures. Most rural roads were built before 1930, and it often requires large sums to update them for today's farm-to-market traffic.

But it's also true that without usable roads we can't maintain present food production—much less meet the larger needs of tomorrow.

Our rural transportation system is falling farther behind every day. National and world food requirements call for massive amounts of fertilizer, fuel, equipment, chemicals, seed, feed and livestock to move to our farms—and for ever larger harvests to move to market. Yet we have 46,000 fewer miles of railroad—mostly rural—than in 1940. Another 78,000 miles are proposed for abandonment.

The result is severe overloading of roads two generations old. Roads designed for far less traffic and far lighter vehicles. Ninety-five percent of pre-1935 rural bridges are still in use. Many of them were built to carry 2-ton loads. Many of today's grain and livestock trucks can carry 20 tons or more.

In areas where rural transportation becomes inadequate, farm income is lower. Fields are taken out of crop production. Land values decline. There is less incentive to make the capital investment and personal commitment required for productive, profitable farm operation.

Despite the need for food today, we obviously can't spend all of our tax dollars just to improve rural roads. We can, however, give farm-to-market roads a higher priority in total highway expenditures.

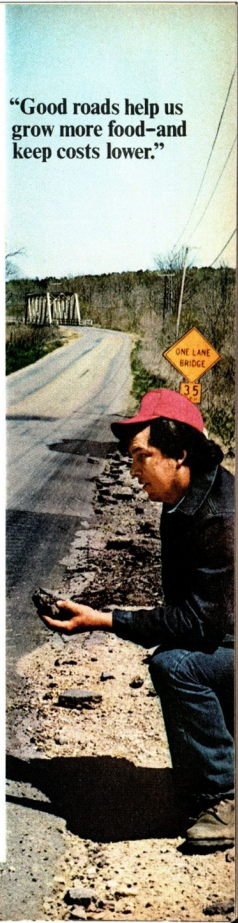
Caterpillar is concerned because we manufacture machines used in construction and maintenance of roads. More importantly, we recognize that the ability to grow and distribute more food with lower costs is vital to the social and economic well-being of our nation.

**There are no
simple solutions.
Only
intelligent
choices.**



CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar, Cat and  are Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

A man wearing a red baseball cap and a dark jacket is crouching on the same cracked road. He is looking towards the left, where the first man is crouching. In the background, a road sign for a 'ONE LANE BRIDGE' with a '35' speed limit is visible.

"Good roads help us grow more food—and keep costs lower."



A full tank may take you farther thanks to Armco's new light steels.

Armco is developing new steels for autos with you in mind. Because they're extra strong, they don't have to be as thick—help automakers meet their goal of cutting weight.

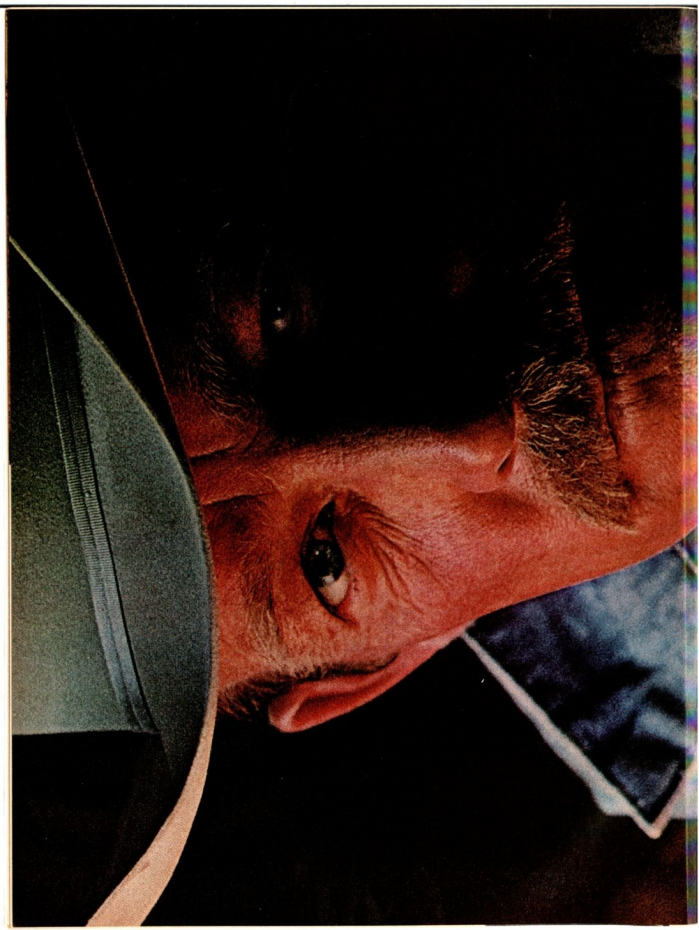
By building cars that weigh less, the auto industry can help you save gas, get better performance, even help hold down cost of cars.

We're known for innovation in materials because finding better answers through research has been our goal since Armco began.

Armco Steel Corporation, General Offices,
Middletown, Ohio 45043.

Responsive people in action.





Come to where
the flavor is.

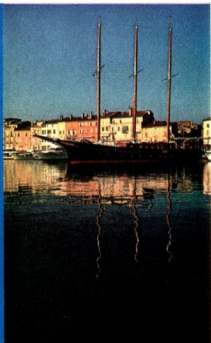


You get a lot to like
with a Marlboro.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. 74

Castaway in St. Tropez, Only V.O. is V.O.



Seagram's V.O.
The First Canadian.



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86 & 87 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

NEW YORK

Twice Saved at the Brink

New Yorkers got some good news for a change last week as crises on two fronts were at least temporarily cooled, if not finally resolved. On the brink of default, New York City, with some help from the state and major banks, found a device to cover \$792 million in short-term notes that were due. And thousands of city and state doctors ended a nine-day slowdown protesting the runaway cost of malpractice insurance.

THE FINANCIAL FIX. For almost a month, city and state officials and a handful of private citizens chosen by Governor Hugh Carey had wrestled with New York's deepening financial dilemma (TIME, June 16). The city's profligate borrowing had wiped out the national market for its securities: no more notes could be issued until the city started putting its finances in order. That meant the kind of retrenchment that Mayor Abe Beame and other city Democrats find painful to contemplate. For a while, they and the Republicans controlling the state senate could not seem to face up to the crisis. The businessmen had to persuade the politicians that default was a genuine possibility, with disastrous consequences for the city's ability to raise money in the future. Said Felix Rohatyn, a New York investment banker who was a key participant in the negotiations: "In a business deal, everyone is usually talking the same language. But here the political process didn't always permit the parties to interrelate with each other in a sensible way." Even after the outlines of the solution were clear, the politicians, to Rohatyn's consternation, insisted on wrangling down to the wire. "Politics requires a crisis to go all the way to the brink," he observed. "But you don't know where the brink is sometimes."

Brinkmanship finally produced a compromise that all sides felt they could live with. A new agency, the Municipal Assistance Corporation ("Big Mac"), was created to restore the city's credit and to monitor its budget and borrowing practices. Because five of its voting members are appointed by the Governor and four by the mayor, the corporation will inject the state government into city affairs. Big Mac will receive regular reports on the city budget so as to be able to sound the alarm if the city turns profligate anew. Current-expense items now make up 40% of the capital budget: over the next decade they will be put back in the current operating budget where they belong. The city will be limited in its short-term borrowing to \$8 billion, which will be shaved over a four-year period to \$6.2 billion.

In return for this partial surrender of home rule, the money spigot has been turned on again. Big Mac is empowered to convert up to \$3 billion in short-term

debt into long-term bonds. The new bonds will be backed by some \$1 billion in revenues from the sales tax and stock-transfer tax. This arrangement is expected to reassure investors who were frightened away from city offerings.

With financial pressures relaxed, the mayor could begin bargaining for additional taxing authority from the state. It is almost certain that he will be able to present a less stringent budget for fiscal 1976 than the so-called crisis budget he proposed last month. Instead of having to lay off as many as 50,000 city employees, he may be able to get by with as few as 20,000 dismissals.

But even smaller cuts will not be easy in Fun City. Last week city hall was ringed by thousands of protesting teachers, parents and students. To fight the proposed layoffs, the policemen, firemen and other city union members started distributing a pamphlet with a skull on the cover and the title: "Welcome to Fear City." Inside were morbidly detailed instructions on how to avoid crime and other hazards in New York: "Do not walk. If you must leave your hotel after 6 p.m., summon a radio taxi by telephone or ask the hotel doorman to call a taxi while you remain in the hotel lobby..." Avoid public transportation. You should not ever ride the subway for any reason whatsoever." Calling the pamphlet a "new low in irresponsibility," Beame obtained a court order to prevent its distribution. New York's basic problem still remains: how to cut massive spending in the face of militant and powerful resistance.

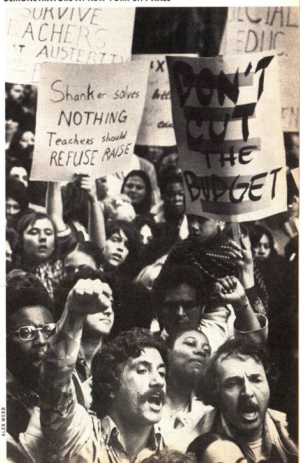
THE MEDICAL MEDIATION. In their agonizing over soaring malpractice-insurance rates, New York doctors had hoped to get relief from the state. They asked for a clear-cut definition of malpractice, a ceiling on awards in suits against physicians, a limit to lawyers' contingency fees that encourage high settlements and the establishment of panels of medical experts to advise juries in malpractice cases. The legislature provided none of these, though it did three weeks ago set up a pool of insurance companies to continue to provide malpractice coverage in New York. Dissatisfied with the new law, the doctors called a slowdown, refusing to handle any but emergency cases.

Not all physicians joined the protest and many responded reluctantly. Some doctors as well as patients considered it

ill-timed and dubious at best. It soon became apparent that the doctors' closest allies were suffering most of all. Hospitals in already precarious financial straits were further imperiled by the growing number of vacant beds; hospital workers were being laid off and many were already on a four-day week. Said Dr. Jameson Chassin, chief of surgery at Booth Memorial Medical Center: "The risks of damage to our own employees was greater than the additional educational value of the protest. We really have no desire to have a bloody mess in the streets of New York in order to make our point. The legislature and the governor can hold out longer than we could."

Governor Carey offered a partial concession. He named a nine-member commission to re-examine the malpractice issue and propose further changes in the law if it thought they were needed. After a heated night's debate, the Crisis Committee (a group of doctors leading the slowdown) voted to accept the proposal, and the doctors returned to work. Said a member of the Crisis Committee: "Despite the fact that we were extremely unhappy with the intransigence of the Governor, we felt that nothing further should be done to the disadvantage of the patients. How can you say no after years of saying yes?"

DEMONSTRATORS AT NEW YORK CITY HALL



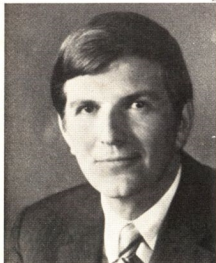
THE ADMINISTRATION

Ford's Seventh

Gradually Gerald Ford is reshaping to his own taste the Cabinet he suddenly inherited from Richard Nixon. Last week he was preparing change No. 7 in the lineup, having decided to nominate F. David Mathews, 39, the president of the University of Alabama, to succeed Caspar Weinberger as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. If Mathews is approved by the Senate, he will become the youngest member of Ford's Cabinet, in charge of the Federal Government's largest department with its budget of \$110 billion.

He will bring to Washington considerable knowledge about one element of HEW's huge triad: education. Born in Grove Hill, Ala., Mathews has been president of the U. of A. since 1969. He took his A.B. and M.A. there and got a Ph.D. in the history of American education at New York's Columbia University. "His life has been centered around education," says an Alabama associate. "His father and grandfather before him were superintendents of education in Clarke County."

Some Surprises. Amiable, apolitical (he terms himself an independent) and highly intelligent, Mathews got to know Ford while working on the Bicentennial Council. HEW's traditional constituency on Capitol Hill, the liberal Democratic social activists, are likely to give Mathews a tough going-over before approving him, simply because he is a largely unknown quantity from George Wallace's backyard. For the same reason, the Republican right wing, which has found several of Ford's appointments too liberal for its liking, is at first look pleased with the selection. Those who know Mathews well think both groups may be in for some surprises.



F. DAVID MATHEWS
Centered around education.



CHEERFUL GATHERING AROUND FORD AFTER ROSE GARDEN PRESS CONFERENCE

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

Gerald Ford's Improving Prospects

Last winter, when Gerald Ford was putting together his energy and economic programs, he briefly pondered the proposal for a gasoline tax. Then he told his aides, "Let's forget it. A gas tax will never get through Congress."

Last week that prophecy proved to be right, by a 5-to-1 margin in the House, when the Democrats brought up their own gas-tax idea. Such accurate judgments about the mood of Congress and the country are part of the President's growing stature, a phenomenon that is the subject of increasing analysis.

Ford has climbed out of the cellar in the national polls, and both Gallup and Harris record 50% or more approval. His effectiveness on the Hill has been demonstrated in his recent battles to sustain three vetoes. The results of the probing of the electorate by the Republican National Committee do not need obscuring. Even Ford's weekend afternoons of golf with celebrities yield a slightly positive response, as measured in the R.N.C. poll samples.

There is one White House aide who explains the current Ford surge by suggesting that the President is a bad politician in a moment in history when politics is detested, and thus Ford is viewed as good.

Not so, says shrewd Barber Conable, an upstate New York Congressman: "He is a good politician. The realities of power are still against him, but he has immense personal good will up here. He knows the House." When Ford was given a list of wavering members on the strip-mining-veto vote, he glanced over the dozen names. "That one, that one and that one are a waste of time," he said almost instinctively. The three were scratched, and Ford began phoning the others in his successful effort to avoid an override.

Nobody is discounting the ineptitude of the opposition in the Democratic Congress. It is staggering. In such an atmosphere, almost any reasonable overture by a President makes headway. Ford's spring high could fade with bad luck or a firm adversary. But political momentum, whether down or up, tends to reinforce itself, and Ford is climbing.

"Yes, he is gaining," admits Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss, but he also believes that Ford's policy decisions are wrong. This view is enthusiastically shared by Presidential Candidate Henry Jackson, who is convinced that higher utility costs may soon wipe out the new veneer of good will for Ford. "You're not going to beat him with a more honest, more honorable man," says Strauss. "You're going to beat him on the issues."

In his more philosophical moments, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger has pondered his new boss in the international setting. He fits him into the company—if not yet, of course, the stature—of Harry Truman and Pope John, men elevated to power because they were perceived to be plain, calm and safe.

Ben Wattenberg, the Democratic analyst and author, says Ford is "an honest Richard Nixon." His point is that Nixon's policies were immensely popular, as judged by the 1972 election, and Ford has added to them a personal rectitude. After watching Ford, his wife, his daughter and his dog on television, Wattenberg sighed, "How do you fault a full-time honest President who is married to the First Lady, father of the First Daughter and master of the First Dog?"

Inside the White House, the President's key aide, Don Rumsfeld, puts this June upsurge down to a rekindling of trust and respect for the man and the office—the intangible ingredient that holds and guides any nation, something that transcends policy differences and national problems.

When a President gives good will, it is hard not to return it, as Democrat Strauss found out at a recent Gridiron dinner. Strauss got up and, as is the custom, deftly skewered the Republicans and verbally poked the President. Ford did not try to combat such wit with more wit. Instead, he turned and praised Strauss as a man of high purpose and ability, someone who could be President himself. Those around Strauss were sure they heard the Democrat mutter, as he glowed in the tribute, "Why, the son of a bitch."

MIDDLE EAST

Still Looking for a Breakthrough

When Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin flew to Washington last week for talks with President Ford, his El Al jetliner landed at New York's Kennedy Airport. Rabin then boarded a U.S. military jet for the hop between Kennedy and Andrews Air Force Base outside the capital. "Please don't call it the shuttle," an Israeli diplomat jokingly implored TIME Correspondent Strobe Talbott as Rabin disembarked at Andrews. Despite the effort at humor, the Israelis were in no mood to link Rabin's trip to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's long-playing diplomatic shuttle between Cairo and Jerusalem, which ended in a stalemate three months ago.

Following closely upon Ford's summit meeting with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat in Salzburg, Rabin had flown to Washington both to learn the results of that meeting and to explore the possibilities of a second-stage disengagement agreement in the Sinai. Two intense days of talks between Rabin and the President and Secretary of State were less than totally satisfying to either side; they concluded with only an agreement that Kissinger would return to the Middle East once more in mid-summer for talks before he is scheduled to meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Europe. What might happen after that is unclear: Rabin, like Sadat, discouraged the idea of Kissinger's resuming his shuttle. The main reason: it would tend to promote unrealistically high expectations, and exacerbate the crisis condition.

Meeting newsmen at the conclusion of the White House talks, the Premier wearily discouraged speculation that

any Middle East peace breakthrough was imminent. "I don't believe I have received all the answers I want to know," he said. "Egypt has not facilitated the movement toward peace." Rabin was disappointed to learn from Ford that Sadat was not yet willing to make one political concession on which Israel insists—namely, a definite commitment to a specific, long-range time framework for any second-stage disengagement in Sinai. Egypt would like any extensions of the interim agreement on the Sinai to be for an indefinite period of time. Israel insists on signing such an agreement for a specific period of at least three to five years. In return, Jerusalem would be willing to accept Cairo's pledge not to use force during the life of the agreement, rather than the formal declaration of nonbelligerency that Israel demanded during the unsuccessful shuttle.

Sign Language. Rabin and his government were unmistakably worried about the "reassessment" of U.S. Middle East policy that the Administration ostensibly has been carrying on since the shuttle talks collapsed. So far, the reassessment has resulted in the tabling by the White House of Israeli requests to purchase such sophisticated U.S. weapons as F-15 jets and Lance surface-to-surface missiles. The Israelis were buoyed by the recent letter of support signed by 76 Senators. But relations between Washington and Jerusalem have nonetheless cooled to the point that Rabin's entourage held conversations at Blair House last week in lowered voices, cryptic references, Hebrew military slang and even sign language because the Israeli secret service believed the

rooms were bugged. One Israeli official cited a crude Arabic expression—translated roughly as "there is a nose on our tail"—to explain the need for caution.

The strained relations between the two governments also aroused a few suspicions (quickly denied in Washington) that U.S. intelligence, in order to embarrass Rabin, might have leaked stories to the effect that recent Israeli troop withdrawals in Sinai were not what they seemed to be. At the end of Ford's meeting with Sadat, the Israelis, as a token of their interest in peace, announced that they were thinning out their 7,000 troops in the Limited Forces Zone in the Sinai. As it turned out, the Israelis had earlier reduced their forces to about 3,500; in some sectors, military units had never been brought up to the strength allowed under the 1974 disengagement agreement. Washington was aware of this fact from satellite reconnaissance, but according to Cairo, did not bother to tell Egypt. Some critics accused Israel of fakery by timing the announcement of something that had already been done to coincide with the Salzburg meeting. In fact, this was not really an embarrassment to Jerusalem; Rabin, in announcing the thin-out, made a significant public commitment to keep Israeli forces in the Sinai reduced. Moreover, the Egyptians refused to make political capital of the disclosure.

Publicly President Ford avoided any hint of what he and Rabin were talking about. At one point, when newsmen in the midst of a Washington drizzle asked him about progress, Ford looked at the sky and said straight-faced, "It's a nice day." Privately he and Kissinger tried

PRESIDENT FORD & ISRAELI PREMIER DRINKING TOAST AT WHITE HOUSE DINNER



KISSINGER & RABIN AT STATE DEPARTMENT





HUSSEIN & ASSAD IN HELICOPTER
Irritating the radicals.

to convince Rabin that Israel should give up the Mitla and Giddi passes in the Sinai as well as the Abu Rudeis oilfields as part of a disengagement agreement. If Israel agreed, the U.S. was likely not only to be more generous with military and economic aid, but to put its endorsement on any agreement. Appearing before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs last week, Kissinger said: "I believe that a final peace settlement in the area will require some sort of American—I don't know whether I want to use the word guarantee—but some sort of American assurance as to the viability and security of the state of Israel." Rabin declined such assurance. "We can't entrust our defense to anyone else," he said. Israeli concern was scarcely lightened last week by the news of an agreement in which Egypt, already deeply in debt, will use \$1 billion advanced by Saudi Arabia and Kuwait to purchase arms in Britain.

Irritating Visit. Egypt considers the arms defensive. Sadat wants peace in Sinai to protect the Suez Canal, and he would undoubtedly welcome a U.S. guarantee. It would mean that Egypt could reach an informal agreement with Israel but would not be bound by a formal treaty or a politically unpalatable pledge of nonbelligerency until there was also agreement on the Syrian front and on the Palestinian issue. Some kind of understanding would protect moderates like Sadat from attacks by radical Arabs, notably the hard-lining Palestinians. In Tripoli last week, Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi, who is feuding with Sadat, met with George Habash, head of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, and Ahmed Jabril of the P.F.L.P.—General Command, both of whom are far to the left of Palestine Liberation Organization Leader Yasser Arafat. With Gaddafi, Habash and Jabril they denounced Sadat's disengagement policy, insisted that Suez was properly the "canal of the Arabs" and not

THE WORLD

Egypt's alone, and warned against "an American plot in the Arab world."

Irritating the radicals was a visit by Syrian President Hafez Assad and a retinue of his Cabinet ministers to Amman. Assad, the first Syrian head of state to visit Jordan in 20 years, flew to Amman to discuss increased military coordination between the two countries. He also sought to ease continuing strained relations between King Hussein and the P.L.O. The visit was something of a triumph for the Jordanian King, whose standing in the Arab world has been steadily reviving since last year's Rabat summit, where Arab leaders accepted Arafat rather than the King as sole spokesman for the Palestinian cause.

Triple Rates. Sadat's principal argument in the face of extremist accusations is that moderation pays off. The newly reopened Suez Canal, in addition, handled 54 ships in its first full week of operation, including one U.S. freighter, the 21,000-ton *Spirit of Liberty*. None contained cargo for Israel, as far as was known. The volume of traffic satisfied canal authorities, although they worry that triple insurance rates, in force as long as there is no formal peace, may discourage business and limit toll revenues, which Egypt hopes will reach \$450 million annually.

Despite their desire for business, however, canal authorities last week abruptly turned away one prospective customer. Abie Nathan, onetime Tel Aviv hamburger king who lobbies for Arab-Israeli friendship aboard his "peace ship" *Shalom* in the Mediterranean, sailed the 110-ton vessel into Port Said. Nathan hoped to make good on a pledge to sail through to the Israeli port of Eilat. He was refused passage and escorted back to sea by the Egyptian navy.

BRITAIN

Facing Up to the Morning After

Post referendum omne animal triste est.

With that revision of a famous dictum, London *Times* Pundit Bernard Levin summed up the mood of Britain last week. "On the Monday morning after the Common Market referendum, when the edge was off the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat as well, Britons were reawakened to the fact that all of their old problems were still with them. Indeed, some had got worse.

To be sure, there was a new sense of really being a part of Europe at last. In Parliament, Prime Minister Harold Wilson paid homage to the new spirit of commitment to the EEC by bandying about a fancy French word—*éclaircissement* (enlightenment). His unabashed Yorkshire pronunciation brought down the House of Commons with gales of laughter. Apart from that touch of trans-Channel humor, Wilson was somber in talking about the task ahead. "Our future," he said, "will depend on what we are prepared to do by our own efforts, our skill, our technocracy—and our restraint."

The Prime Minister was referring, of course, to Britain's continuing des-

**Levin was parodying the often incompletely quoted observation of the 2nd century physician Galen: "Triste est omne animal post coitum, praeter mulierem gallinamque" (Every animal is sad after intercourse, except the human female and the rooster).*



NEW INDUSTRY MINISTER ERIC VARLEY

REG PRENTICE AT HOME

perate economic woes. The usually circumspect Bank for International Settlements, a Basel-based central bank for central banks, issued a blunt report that faulted British authorities for their "not very successful" attempt to cope "with a situation deteriorating on several fronts at once." The infectious gloom of the Basel moneyman spread to the London stockmarket, killing any hopes for an upsurge in the wake of the pro-Market landslide. The day after the B.I.S. report was issued, there was a rush of Arab petrodollars out of London and the pound fell to a record low, 25.9% below the Smithsonian-agreement level of 1971. Meanwhile, new figures published last week showed that investment in manufacturing industry is now dropping at the unprecedented annual rate of 15%.

Meeting problems head-on has never been Harold Wilson's political style, but there were signs that the Labor government had developed a belated sense of urgency about Britain's prolonged crisis. At a meeting of the Scottish Labor Party in Glasgow, Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey announced that leaders of the trade union movement, industry and government will soon begin meeting to work out a program aimed at cutting Britain's 30% inflation by half within the next twelve months. "The key to solving inflation is the level of wage settlements," said Healey—meaning that wage claims would have to be reduced from the current 30% average to below 15%.

Healey insisted that the new plan, popularly dubbed Social Contract Mark

Two, must be hammered out within the next few weeks, well before the Trades Union Congress's September conference sounds the opening gun for the next round of wage negotiations. Although a recent Opinion Research Center poll disclosed that 70% of Britain's voters, including 63% of trade union members, want the government to take legal control of wage settlements, the Chancellor rejected the notion of a statutory wage policy. Hopes for an effective policy of voluntary wage restraint were raised, however, when the T.U.C.'s economic committee drew up a working paper that recommends keeping pay increases below 20% in order to stem inflation and unemployment.

The question of what to do about the British economy became intertwined

Commons Rules the Waves

One of the most exclusive clubs in England opened itself to electronic eavesdropping last week. The cut and thrust of parliamentary debate has often been touted as the best show in town. Winston Churchill was known to prepare for Commons debate by rehearsing one-liners in his bath. Until last week, however, the audience was limited to the lucky few whose passes admitted them to a cramped and remote area of the House of Commons known as "the Strangers' Gallery." Deciding it was time to pillory each other more publicly, the M.P.s recently voted to permit live radio broadcasts of their floor debates during a four-week experiment. Thus last Monday the mother of Parliaments made her maiden performance on the air.

Almost immediately, it became clear that never did so few have so little to say to so many. The historic first transmission was a 100-min. broadcast beginning with "Question Time," the daily parrying ritual in which M.P.s ask Cabinet ministers about matters of policy. Those who tuned in hoping to gauge their M.P.'s mettle or even recognize their voices were often completely confounded by the Commons' rules of procedures. Questions were recorded in advance on an "order paper," and the Speaker later posed them by simply referring to the number of the question and name of the questioner. The result was frequently a totally unilluminating exchange that sounded like: Speaker: "Mr. Smith." Minister: "No, sir, I will not." That left listeners wondering whether the question was "Will you please resign?" or, perhaps, "Will you address yourself to the price of beans in Liverpool?" Confusion was compounded by the Commons' tradition of referring to members by their constituencies rather than their surnames. Relatively few listeners, presumably, realized that

a reference to "the right honorable gentleman from Bexley, Sidcup" meant former Prime Minister Edward Heath.

Even more unintelligible was the background chorus of calculated coughs, groans and mumbles, punctuated by occasional cries of "Hear! hear!" "Rubbish!" and "Sit down!" As the *Daily Telegraph* observed: "Certainly those who had never before heard that curious

Conservative Party Leader Margaret Thatcher: "If the opposition wants my head on a salver, the leader of the Conservative Party will have to be a lot more seductive Salome than she has been so far." Less dazzling repartee came from left-wing Labor M.P. Eric Heffer, who responded testily to a pro-Market interjection by shouting, "Aw, shut up! Sha-a-a dupp!"

The broadcast clearly captured at least something of the flavor of the



A GALLERY VIEW OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN ACTION

compromise between a belch, a yawn and a groan, which [is officially transcribed as a 'cheer,' must have been hard put to know what it signified." Coming through clearly, however, was a cry of "Send him to Europe!" when Labor M.P. Andrew Faulds hailed Wilson as a "wily old wizard" for his recent success in the EEC referendum.

In the present Parliament, oratory is often more tinny than golden. The only bon mot of the day came from Labor's former Industry Minister Anthony Wedgwood Benn. The embattled Benn responded to Tory taunts that he resign by taking an ungentelemanly swipe at

House, and not everyone found it palatable. "We'd never stand for this sort of audience in our business," said Comedian Mike Yarwood, one of whose specialties is impersonating Prime Minister Harold Wilson. Scriptwriter Johnny Speight, who created the British model for America's Archie Bunker, thought that the broadcast from the Commons "has the making of a good comedy series." Some disagreed. A BBC spokesman admitted that several peeved listeners had called in to ask what had happened to *Listen with Mother*, the regular program that had been preempted for the occasion.

THE WORLD

with the question of what to do about Industry Minister Anthony Wedgwood Benn, whose impassioned anti-Market campaigning had made him the darling of the Labor Party left and the pariah of its right. Business leaders, panicked by Benn's grandiose plans for public control of industries and investment, had been demanding his dismissal from the Cabinet. On the other hand, powerful union leaders including Jack Jones, president of the Transport and General Workers Union, had warned that any demotion of Benn would be taken as "a grave affront." The situation called for the kind of political juggling act at which Wilson excels, and he came through with a dazzling performance.

Benn swapped places with Energy Minister Eric Varley, a stolid Wilson loyalist who had also campaigned against the EEC but less noisily than Benn. Education Minister Reginald Prentice, a leading pro-Marketeer, was switched to the Ministry of Overseas Development as a gesture of evenhandedness. Although the Overseas Ministry is technically sub-Cabinet, Prentice was allowed to keep his Cabinet rank when Home Secretary Roy Jenkins threatened to resign over his fellow moderate's demotion. The Prentice move displaced Leftist Judith Hart, who was offered the Ministry of Transport but turned it down in pique. "I feel we are witnessing the first dangerous stages of what could prove to be a historic catastrophe for the Labor Party," she said, in an emotional speech to Parliament. The post she rejected was left temporarily vacant when Transport Minister Fred Mulley moved over to fill Prentice's Education portfolio. As one Labor M.P. observed, it was "a classic Wilsonian reshuffle: no inspiration, all tactics, every move a tortuously devised counterpiece."

Gracious Loser. In effect, Benn had been moved neither up nor down but sideways. As Energy Minister, he will preside over the development of North Sea Oil, the only bright spot in Britain's otherwise cloudy economic future. Lest the oil companies panic, however, Wilson made it clear that Benn will have little hand in the delicate licensing negotiations the government is now conducting with them.

If Benn felt a bit manhandled, he did not say so. In fact he seemed almost to revel in his new public role as a good and gracious loser. "I have just been in receipt of a very big message from the British people," he said in a television interview. "I read it loud and clear." Whether that means he is ready to modify his radically leftist approach to economic policy remains to be seen. At any rate, his politic response to the popular will suggests that Benn, at 50, thinks he is a man with a future. Wilson's gingerly handling of the Cabinet reshuffle indicates that the Prime Minister is of the same opinion.

INDIA

Indira's Time of Trouble

Not since India gained its independence from Britain in 1947 had it faced a constitutional crisis of such magnitude. Last week Prime Minister Indira Gandhi was found guilty of campaign irregularities in the 1971 parliamentary elections that returned her to office for a second term. As a result, she was barred from her seat in Parliament and disqualified from holding elective office for six years. Her lawyers immediately announced that they would appeal the ruling to the Supreme Court, and Justice Jag Mohan Lal Sinha issued a stay of 20 days pending the appeal. Even if it is overturned, Judge Sinha's decision is likely to have far-reaching consequences for Prime Minister Gandhi. As the *Times of India* put it in an editorial, "The immediate impact will be to detract from her moral authority, undermine the cohesion of the ruling party, stall pol-

paign for her and had spent more than the allowed maximum.

The case has been in the courts ever since. When it finally came to trial, Mrs. Gandhi, in an unprecedented move, took the witness stand for 6½ hours in her own defense. Her appearance turned into a sensation when the editor of a Hindi newspaper was caught entering the court with a loaded gun and arrested on suspicion of planning to assassinate her. Two days later, would-be assassins also attempted—unsuccessfully—to kill the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Extra Police. Justice Sinha exonerated Mrs. Gandhi of charges that she had used air force planes for campaign purposes, bribed voters with blankets, clothing and liquor, spent more than the \$4,500 limit, and used the Congress Party's symbol (a cow and a calf) in an il-



NARAIN (RIGHT) & SUPPORTER

A decision likely to have far-reaching consequences.



PRIME MINISTER GANDHI

licit religious appeal for votes. But he ruled that she had allowed Yashpal Kapoor, a key political aide, to campaign for her prior to quitting his government post. Justice Sinha, who is regarded as a staunchly non-political jurist, also found that the Uttar Pradesh state government had illegally assisted her by improving roads, erecting platforms and providing special crowd protection.

By most standards of political corruption—particularly in India, where bureaucratic malfeasance is rampant—the charges seemed trivial. Both hinge on technicalities. Mrs. Gandhi testified that Kapoor resigned on Jan. 14 and began working in her campaign on Feb. 1. The judge ruled that Kapoor's

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Answers to some of the most commonly asked questions about electricity.

Electricity is the most versatile form of energy. But it's also the most mysterious. We can't see it. We can't smell it. We can't hear it. Here are answers to some of the questions people often ask about electricity.

1. Where does electricity come from?



Electricity is electrons in motion. It occurs in nature in the form of lightning, electric eels, and even the small shock you sometimes get when you touch a doorknob. Most of the electricity we use in our everyday lives is made in a power plant by spinning a magnet inside coils of wire. This puts electrons in motion and creates a flow of electricity. It's made the same way, whether it's produced in a small coal-burning power plant or the most modern nuclear plant.

2. What's an electron?

It's a very, very small particle of an atom carrying a tiny electrical charge. (To give you an idea of its size, it takes six billion *billion* electrons to light a 100-watt light bulb for a single second.)

3. Why doesn't a bird get electrocuted when it lands on an electric wire?

Because it only lands on one wire. Electricity takes the path of least resistance. It's simply easier for the electricity to continue along the metal wire than it is for it to enter the bird. But if the bird landed on two wires with different voltages, the electricity would flow through the bird from the wire with the higher voltage to the wire with the lower voltage, and the bird would be electrocuted.



4. Does the human brain produce electricity?

Not only the brain, but the entire body produces electricity through chemical reactions in the cells. The body is a highly complex electrical system with the brain functioning as the control and switching center. Most everything we see, hear, smell, taste, and feel is the result of tiny electrical signals to the brain from various parts of the body.



5. Is static electricity ever dangerous?

One form of static electricity can become very dangerous.

Lightning. During a storm, the sky churns and builds up a concentration of electrons in certain places. When the electrons build up massive voltage, they will suddenly leap from one cloud to another cloud (of lower voltage) or from a cloud to the ground and cause a flash of lightning.

6. Why is there so much static electricity in clothes when I take them out of the dryer?

There is a lot of tumbling and rubbing back and forth of clothes in the dryer. This builds up an electric charge just like scuffing your feet on the carpet. The very dry atmosphere of the dryer makes it difficult for the electric charge to leave the clothes.



7. What fuels can be used to make electricity?

Any energy source.

Today, about 45% of our electricity is produced by burning coal. But anything that can spin a turbine can be used to make electricity.

We can burn oil or gas to boil water to make steam to turn the turbine. We can use the heat from nuclear reaction to make steam. We can use the natural steam locked inside the earth. Almost any fuel. Or we can use the pressure of falling water to turn the turbine.



8. Why can't all the electricity be made from waterfalls and dams?

There simply aren't enough large waterfalls or damsites in the country. So water power is used to produce only about 16% of our electricity. This is unfortunate because it's one of the most efficient ways to make electricity.



9. Why did some electric utility companies raise their prices the same time the oil companies did?

Some utilities burn oil to make electricity. (About 16% of our electricity is produced by burning oil.) When the cost of oil went up, the cost of making electricity went up. Most states allow utilities to pass on any decrease or increase in fuel costs.

10. Why didn't the utilities switch to coal during the oil shortage?

Some did. At those power plants where the switch was practical. At other plants, the change would have involved an extensive change in boiler equipment. This would have been very expensive, and probably wouldn't have been finished in time to help out during the oil shortage. Also, in many cases, state and local air-pollution laws regulate the use of coal.

11. How long will our coal and oil last?

Nobody knows exactly, because there are still some coal and oil deposits left to be discovered. However, we do know that oil is in short enough supply that we would be wise to conserve it. Our supply of coal is abundant, enough to last for hundreds of years. However, not all of this coal is clean-burning. And not all of it is easily mined.

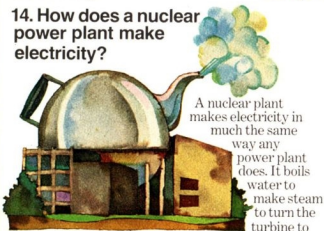
12. Why isn't somebody looking for some other way to make electricity?

They have been. Long before the recent oil shortage, thousands of engineers and scientists were looking for new ways to make electricity. Some of these new ways are in operation today. Nuclear power, for example. Work is also continuing on new kinds of nuclear power. (Nuclear fusion. And the fast-breeder reactor that will make more fuel than it uses.) Other ideas are also being studied. Ways to harness the winds, the tides and the sun, for example. Some ideas are more practical than others. But with our growing need for electricity, we have to consider every possible way to make it.

13. Is nuclear electricity more dangerous than regular electricity?

No. Actually, there's no such thing as nuclear electricity. All electricity is exactly the same. It doesn't matter what energy source is used to make the electricity.

14. How does a nuclear power plant make electricity?



A nuclear plant makes electricity in much the same way any power plant does. It boils water to make steam to turn the turbine to

make the electricity. The difference is it uses the heat from nuclear reaction instead of fire to boil the water.

15. Doesn't a nuclear plant release dangerous amounts of radioactivity in the air?

No. Nuclear power plants are designed to give off practically no radiation. In fact, even if you lived next door to a nuclear plant, you'd receive only a fraction of the radiation you already get from nature almost anywhere on earth. (Surprisingly, you'd actually receive more radiation during one flight across the country in a jet liner than you'd get in a year living next to a nuclear plant.)

16. What is "thermal pollution"?

"Thermal pollution" is the term sometimes used to describe the warming of water as it passes through power plants. It's not entirely accurate to call it "pollution," because this warmer water isn't necessarily a problem. (Some marine life actually thrives in the warmer waters near power plants.) Usually, the temperature in the surrounding waters is raised only a few degrees.

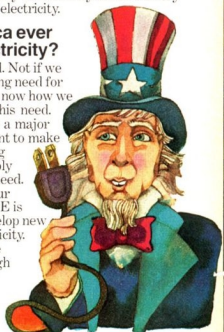
In areas where heat discharge has been a problem, utilities have sometimes spent millions of dollars on cooling towers, ponds, and canals.

17. Why can't electricity be made from the sun?

It can. But right now, it's a very expensive proposition. One of the reasons is that the sun spreads its energy over a very wide area. To capture useful amounts of this energy, we would have to build enormous solar collectors. The solar collectors would have to be at least 10 square miles in area to produce the electricity we get from a modern 1000 megawatt power plant. Another problem is that we need electricity 24 hours a day and the sun doesn't shine 24 hours a day. However, research is continuing, and one day the sun may become a very important source of electricity.

18. Will America ever run out of electricity?

Not if we plan ahead. Not if we recognize the growing need for electricity. And plan now how we are going to meet this need. General Electric, as a major supplier of equipment to make electricity, is working with utilities to supply the electricity we'll need. And still conserve our natural resources. GE is also working to develop new ways to make electricity. To make sure there will always be enough electricity for all of America's needs.



Progress for People

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Today's L&M... Proud tradition. Proud heritage. Proud taste.

The proud smoke.



RICH MELLOW DISTINCTIVELY SMOOTH

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

resignation was not valid until it was put in writing on Jan. 25 and that in fact he helped organize her campaign as early as Jan. 7. As for the second charge, Mrs. Gandhi testified that the state's deployment of extra police was necessary for security reasons. The other arrangements, she added last week, were organized by the opposition government in Uttar Pradesh at the time and not by her office or the central government.

Despite the verdict, Mrs. Gandhi vowed that she would not resign the post she has held since 1966. Speaking to a crowd of 2,000 well-wishers in New Delhi, she said: "We have faced challenges in the past, and we will continue even now to face them with courage."

Leaders of the Congress Party quickly started a campaign to organize public support for Mrs. Gandhi. But opposition parties announced that they would no longer recognize her as head of the nation's government. S.K. Patil, a member of the Congress Party faction that broke with her in 1969 and formed a separate party, said: "At long last Mrs. Gandhi has met her Watergate."

State Elections. The crisis was compounded by the results of the Gujarat state election, which became known the day after Judge Sinha's decision. The Congress Party, which had won 140 of the 168 seats in the last election, dropped to a mere 75 in the 182-seat state legislature. Its principal rival,

a five-party coalition known as the Janata (People's) Front won 87. That left the coalition short of a majority, however, and prospects were for a shaky, short-lived government that might well collapse before the end of the year.

Meanwhile, Narain, a maverick, quick-tempered member of the upper house who has been in jail for some protest or other at least once a year since 1947, and who has frequently had to be bodily carried out of legislative sessions for refusing to obey the speaker's rules of order, gloated over the turmoil he had wrought. "The court has done its duty," he said. "Now there must be demonstrations all over the country forcing the Prime Minister to resign."

ASIA

A New Tripolar Balance

Marcos: *Nobody throws a stone at a tree that does not bear fruit.*

Mao: *The more noble, the taller a tree grows in the woods, the harder the winds try to blow it down.*

Marcos: *The typhoon hits only the tall tree.*

Mao: *You are young. You watch out. You have many more years to go and many enemies to face.*

That mysterious exchange of aphorisms took place in Peking last week, when visiting Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos paid the *de rigueur* courtesy call on venerable Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Accompanied by his wife Imelda and teen-age daughters Irene and Imee, Marcos spent four days in China and ended the visit by signing a declaration by which the Philippines became the 100th nation to recognize Peking. At the same time, Manila withdrew its recognition of the Chinese Nationalist government on Taiwan.

In a way, Marcos' first trip to the Middle Kingdom—Imelda had visited Peking last September—was as strange as the conversation with Mao. Marcos, long an ardent anti-Communist, has for years ruthlessly suppressed Communist rebels in the Philippines. Only a few years ago, he was being castigated in Peking as a reactionary lackey of American imperialism. For the Philippines, recognition of China was an inevitable coming to terms with one of Asia's dominant powers, following the final American exit from Indochina. China, for its part, skillfully turned the occasion into a showpiece for an assertive display of anti-Soviet diplomacy.

Marcos could hardly have fitted Peking's script better. He gave a banquet speech full of effusive praise for China, labeling it "the leader of the Third World and a moral inspiration to all the world and mankind." Vice Premier

Teng Hsiao-ping, who represented Premier Chou En-lai at the formal banquet, responded with more restraint, commenting simply on the Philippines as "a beautiful and richly endowed country" whose people were "industrious and valiant." Teng wasted no time in getting to China's chief international concern; in his final address he noted that both China and the Philippines were opposed to "big-power hegemonism." China's code word for Soviet expansionism. Indeed, since the Communist triumph in Viet Nam, the Chinese have apparently become more concerned than ever about Soviet influence in Asia. As the major supplier of arms to North Viet Nam, the Soviets have more influence in Hanoi than Peking has, and the Chinese are fearful that the Russians might eventually try to establish a naval presence

in the South China Sea, perilously close to China itself. Now, with the Marcos visit to Peking, China has put itself on a friendly footing with a previously hostile country while moving to balance growing Soviet influence in Southeast Asia.

Marcos, presumably, will be only the first in a line of distinguished visitors to China, as other members of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) line up to secure their own embassies in Peking. Malaysia recognized Peking last year, and Thailand's Foreign Minister, Chatchai Choonhavan, who is scheduled to visit the Chinese capital later this month, has announced that Sino-Thai relations will be established by September. The Thai move has been enthusiastically supported by Singapore's toughly realistic Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew, not out of love for China but from the feeling that good relations between Peking and Bangkok will enhance the stability of the entire region. The remaining member of ASEAN, Indonesia, will probably find the

MAO GREETING MARCOS IN PEKING WHILE IMELDA, IMEE & IRENE MARCOS LOOK ON



THE WORLD

move of its neighbors toward China difficult to resist.

In Japan, meanwhile, Peking's anti-Soviet thrust has pushed the Tokyo government of Premier Takeo Miki into an embarrassing corner. The two countries have been negotiating since last December over the wording of a "treaty of peace and amity." The problem is that Peking insists on including a clause condemning "hegemony" in the Asia-Pacific region by any nation, another transparently anti-Soviet gesture. Predictably, Moscow has warned Japan that signing a treaty with the hegemony clause will seriously damage Japanese-Soviet relations. The Japanese, unhappily caught in the vise of Sino-Soviet animosity, have as yet given no indication of how they will resolve their dilemma.

Big Winner. At the same time that the Chinese have moved to minimize the influence of Moscow, which Peking seems to regard as the big winner in the Communist victory in Indochina, they have been making some unprecedented gestures toward the big loser, the U.S. Two weeks ago, Huang Chen, chief of the Chinese liaison office in Washington, gave a sumptuous banquet for Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and several other liberal Democratic Senators. With unusual directness, the Chinese ambassador told the legislators that he thought the U.S. should retain a strong military posture in the world to guard against the Soviet menace.

All of this amounts to a subtle but important shift in the post-Viet Nam world. In Southeast Asia, an altered tripartite balance is forming. The U.S. clearly wants to maintain a strong presence in the Pacific. China will try to strengthen its position by creating diplomatic ties with the ASEAN countries, while paradoxically keeping up its verbal support for the leftist insurrections that have survived for decades in the region's remote areas. Moscow, too, already has normal relations with most of Southeast Asia's countries and a small but growing trade with some, despite Peking's efforts to outflank it in Southeast Asia, the Soviet Union will no doubt continue to be a significant factor as the countries of the region make their adjustments to the new realities.

VIET NAM

Fading Smiles

Saigon is gradually becoming a stereotypical city under Communist control. All newspapers except those authorized by the Communist Party have been suppressed. A detailed census is being taken, presumably to facilitate supervision of all activities. Political and military officials who served under the old Thieu regime have been ordered to report to "re-education" centers. Martial music and Communist slogans blare from street-corner loudspeakers.



COMMUNIST FIRING SQUAD IN SAIGON PREPARES TO EXECUTE AN ACCUSED THIEF Trimmed hair, no nail polish, and clothes that are "not stimulating."

The easygoing mood that marked the first days of the Communist occupation of Saigon is quickly vanishing, according to Western observers who have recently left South Viet Nam's capital. "The smiles of those days have faded," says Dieter Ludwig, a West German photographer who was expelled from Saigon when the new rulers decided to reduce drastically the number of non-Communist journalists. Saigon has been plagued by a near epidemic of theft and lawlessness. At first the Communists were quite casual about patrolling the streets; soon they began making rounds heavily armed and only in groups of at least five. Lawbreakers, when caught, have been dealt with harshly. Saigon's *Liberation Daily*, the only newspaper authorized to be published in the capital, has reported cases of soldiers capturing a thief, quickly questioning eyewitnesses, and then summarily executing the prisoner.

The Western-influenced life-style of Saigon has become a target of Communist ire. Blue jeans, nail polish, lipstick and miniskirts have been condemned as vestiges of the defeated capitalist society. Young men have been pressured to trim their long hair, while girls have been urged to wear "clothes that are simple and not stimulating." As a result, more Saigon women these days are wearing the traditional slit-skirt *ao-dai*, which, ironically, many Westerners regarded as extremely stimulating indeed.

So far, there has been no evidence of the kind of violent mass reprisals that some U.S. officials predicted would accompany a Communist victory in South Viet Nam. Still, many Saigonais still fear a crackdown. *Liberation Daily*, in fact, may have hinted that such a terror campaign is in the offing; a recent article noted "a popular movement to discover

and pursue the wicked elements who were servants of Americans and their puppet Saigon government."

According to most reports, the administration of South Viet Nam is completely dominated by the North Vietnamese. So many bureaucrats have apparently left Hanoi for posts in the South that journalists in North Viet Nam's capital complain that many of their best sources are now in Saigon. Despite the influx of cadres from the North, Saigon's new rulers have problems running the city. Banks remain closed, the telephone system is in chaos, and some offices remain unstaffed.

Gunfire Exchanges. Outside Saigon, the Communists also have problems. A Tass dispatch from South Viet Nam last week confirmed that there have been frequent exchanges of gunfire a few miles north of Saigon between Communist troops and holdout ARVN units. This last-ditch resistance is likely to be short-lived; one member of an anti-Communist army group, in a letter to his family in Saigon, conceded that "we know we have no chance of winning, but we will fight anyway."

More threatening to the new regime is the South's economy. Saigon is short of food and fuel; trade and commerce have contracted severely because of the prolonged bank holiday, and hundreds of thousands of former government bureaucrats and soldiers are without jobs. While Communist officials have been vowing "to restore production as quickly as possible," unless they do it soon, economic chaos could trigger widespread unrest among the South Vietnamese. There is, however, a question of how long they will remain South Vietnamese. North Viet Nam's National Assembly voted last week to unify all of Viet Nam, with Hanoi as its capital.

ARGENTINA

Approaching the Edge of Chaos

There have been more than 500 political assassinations in the past twelve months alone, and inflation is currently running at an annual rate of 80% in Argentina, a country that is approaching the edge of chaos. Isabel Perón, who succeeded her husband as President after his death last July, has been unable to reverse two disastrous trends: the terrorist campaign of kidnapping and murder being waged by rival extremist groups of both the left and the right, and the steady collapse of what was once Latin America's most prosperous economy. Last week TIME, Buenos Aires Correspondent Rudolf Rauch sent this report:

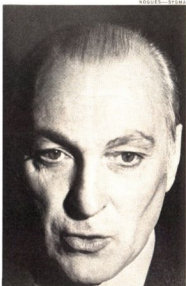
Recklessness with money is a constant that runs through the 30-year history of Peronism. During his first years as President, Juan Perón depleted Argentina's once rich treasury to gain support among the legions of *descamisados* (the shirtless ones), who soon came to expect generous social-welfare spending by the government. Now that tradition of bounty has come to a screeching halt and with it, in the opinion of many observers, the sway of the old-line Peronists who served with *el Líder* in the years of glory. Taking their place are officials loyal to Argentina's Minister of Social Welfare José López Rega, the shadowy confidant of Mrs. Perón. A former astrologer, López Rega is widely regarded as the country's most powerful figure. He has presided over a drastic turn toward economic austerity that has enraged millions of Argentines. As one Buenos Aires columnist put it, "Peronism has yielded to López Regaism."

The passage of power was signaled two weeks ago by the departure of Economy Minister Alfredo Gómez Morales, who alienated workers by refusing to go along with union demands for wage increases, amounting in some cases to 150%. Seeing an opportunity to gain influence in another key ministry, López Rega apparently prevailed upon Mrs. Perón to accept Gómez Morales' resignation. His replacement was a little-known industrial engineer, Celestino Rodrigo, 60, who had previously served as Secretary in López Rega's Social Welfare Ministry.

Drastic Step. Rodrigo rode to his swearing-in ceremony on the subway, a gesture that turned out to be the last popular thing he did. Two days after taking office, he devalued the peso from 15 to the U.S. dollar to 30. He also took a drastic step to solve one of the country's basic economic problems: prices, controlled by the Peronists as a populist measure, had fallen so far behind wages that production was lagging. Rodrigo announced price hikes in essential goods that quickly blossomed into across-the-board increases (see chart). On the first

day of the new prices, many small stores simply closed their doors while owners put new price tags on merchandise already on hand and frantically called suppliers to find out how much it would cost to restock their shelves.

The price increases have just about eliminated the possibility of an amicable settlement of union wage claims. The government first indicated that it would accept a final wage increase no higher than 38%, but this was immediately rejected by union leaders under pressure from an angry rank and file. A proposed ceiling of 45% imposed by de-



JOSÉ LÓPEZ REGA
Sudden disappearance.

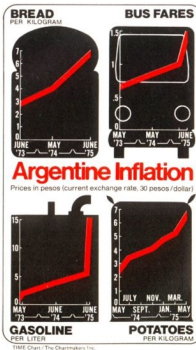
cree was likewise angrily rejected. At week's end the wage talks were deadlocked, and workers seemed on the verge of industrial turmoil. There was a two-day strike at heavy-industry plants in Córdoba, when demonstrations were banned by the authorities acting under state-of-siege powers, three policemen were gunned down at a power station just outside the city. In Buenos Aires, police broke up a demonstration by taxi drivers outside Government House; the riderless drivers want a supply of cheap gasoline set aside so they can lower their fares and win back passengers.

Meanwhile, the government was giving every indication that it was not even prepared to exercise firm control. Most unsettling was the disappearance of Strongman López Rega early in the week. Just as the crisis was mounting, he announced that he had not been feeling too well lately and was going on a brief holiday. Since then, various rumors

have put him in Spain, Italy, Brazil and the U.S.; he has also been reported to be still in Buenos Aires or on an air force base near the city. Wherever he was, there was a growing suspicion among Argentines that López Rega simply wanted to put some distance between himself and the unpopular measures the government is trying to impose.

Threats of Upheaval. Ironically, many of the economic measures now being taken could have been imposed with far less turmoil two years ago, when the government under newly installed President Juan Perón enjoyed immense popularity. Now, badly weakened and without the unifying prestige of *el Líder*, the government may not be able to withstand the growing political pressures. One ominous possibility for the future is a military coup. Until recently, most people remained confident that the armed forces would stay out of politics, mainly because taking power would require the armed forces to shoulder the blame for the economic austerity that surely lies ahead. Yet if there are further threats of upheaval, the military, with its long tradition of interference in political affairs, might feel obliged to step in.

As if to forewarn of that danger, the Buenos Aires daily *La Opinión* last week published a front-page editorial entitled "For Whom the Bell Tolls." In an appeal for return to political decency by all groups, the paper intoned: "In the Argentina of today, the death of anyone diminishes the rest; the bells do not toll [just] for those killed by political extremists; they toll for the rest of their compatriots."



Lost in Culture Gulch

Over the past ten years, Tom Wolfe has set himself up as the Bugs Bunny of American journalism—a squeaky, impudent dandy with a glib eye for the lumbering victim. Toward the end of the '60s, New York appeared to be strewn with his targets, from rich Black Panther-loving liberals to the editorial staff of *The New Yorker*. It was also dotted with the lucky recipients of his approval: mayflies like Baby Jane Holzer, cultish ephemerals like Marshall McLuhan and social grotesques like the collector-exhibitionists Robert and Ethel Scull, all festooned in yards of Wolfe's glittery, incontinent prose. He was the compleat '60s fashion plate, so much a part of the hustling, celebrity-obsessed triviality of the time that even now he can hardly be detached from it—a sort of two-dimensional Cocteau, with the poetry subtracted.

Wolfe's eye for social foible was mean and exact; his sense of ideas almost nonexistent. He had (and still has) one obsessive theme: the unease of the arrived white rich, the devices by which they assuage guilt, and the hustles wrought on them from below. That was the motif of his last book, *Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers* (1970). It also supplies the comedy of manners for his new one, *The Painted*

Word, which appeared in *Harper's* April issue and has now been published in hard cover by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. The book was meant to be a scathing indictment of modern art in general and of American painting and its social milieu in particular. Instead, it emerges as a curious document of frustration: the dandy as Archie Bunker.

"All these years," Wolfe asserts with his customary hyperbole, "I, like so many others, have stood in front of a thousand, two thousand, God-knows-how-many thousand Pollocks, de Koonings, Newmans, Noland, Rothkos, Rauschenbergs, Judds, Johnses... waiting, waiting, forever waiting for... it... for it to come into focus, namely, the visual reward [for so much effort] which must be there." The reward did not come. *Ergo*, it could never have been there, and anyone who thought it was—whether artist, critic, collector or onlooker—was either a patsy or a fraud.

The New York art world, especially in its present decay, is the easiest target a pop sociologist could ask for. Most of it is a wallow of egotism, social climbing and power brokerage, and the only thing that makes it tolerable is the occasional reward of experiencing a good work of art in all its richness, complexity and difficulty. Take the art from the art world, as Wolfe does, and the matrix becomes fit for caricature. Since Wolfe is unable to show any intelligent response to painting, caricature is what we get: a rehearsed conspiracy theory.

Svengalis and Status. All American artists, Wolfe argues, are Tribles. For the past 30 years they have been hypnotized by three powerful critics named Harold Rosenberg, Clement Greenberg and Leo Steinberg. These Svengalis have dictated what shall be painted and sculpted. From abstract expressionism onward, American art has been made only to illustrate their theories. The works are then fobbed off on a public of bourgeois status seekers who strive to soothe their guilt at being rich and successful by patronizing the New. Such is the gist of Wolfe's pamphlet. If it seems familiar, that is only because Wolfe did not invent philistinism.

So in *The Painted Word* Wolfe tries to come across as the little boy looking at the Emperor's new clothes. In fact, his account of the art world reads more like an eleven-year-old's written report on a pornographic movie. The lad is spry and attentive at first. He can see things moving up and down and in and out, buttocks heaving, breasts jiggling. He has heard about sex but never had any. Consequently he has no inkling of what the real transaction between these absorbed couples might be, or why the glazed audience is staring so raptly at the screen. His state is incomprehension, broken by fits of naughty giggles.

Wolfe seems to know virtually nothing about the history of art, American or European. What sort of mind could describe the reserved and cultivated Georges Braque as "a Montmartre boho of the primitive sort" who "waited for his old comrade Picasso's imminent collapse as a painter and a human being"?


Scissors and Paste. There is no sign that Wolfe has bothered to verify a fact, check a source or even do a day's consistent reading in a library. To nail the dozens of elementary howlers in his text would require almost as many pages as *The Painted Word* takes. One example will do for all. Wolfe on social-realist art in the '30s: "Even Franz Kline, the abstract painter's abstract painter, was dutifully cranking out paintings of unemployed Negroes, crippled war veterans and the ubiquitous workers with open blue workshirts and necks wider than their heads." In fact, he never painted such pictures. Either Wolfe is making them up, or he cannot distinguish between Franz Kline and Ben Shahn.

Nor can he handle his fantasy's archvillains, Critics Rosenberg, Greenberg and Steinberg. Wolfe is naive about critical power. The idea that Jackson Pollock was Clement Greenberg's ideological puppet in the '40s and '50s is simply not true: Greenberg did Pollock a great service by writing about his work intelligently and with passion, but he did not "tell" Pollock how to paint. (That dubious privilege would be reserved for weaker artists in the '60s, who wanted to attach themselves to Greenberg's by then mythical aura as a trend setter.) In any case, Wolfe is inept at dealing with thought, and his account of Steinberg's and Greenberg's criticism is utterly garbled. He cannot treat their writings as argument, only as manipulation. He seems not to have read them, only read about them. He imagines, for instance, that Greenberg somehow invented the issue of pictorial flatness, which had been a subject of continual debate among European artists and critics since the days of Maurice Denis and Paul Gauguin in the 1890s.

Wolfe has an astute eye for what he knows about: namely, the pretensions of art consumers and the stratagems by which the chic of New York uses new art as a tool for social climbing. There he is on home ground, being in every sense part of his frothy and fashion-ruled subject. He was there. But he was not in any of the places where art was made or serious thought about it discussed. The world of production, as against consumption, is alien to Wolfe. Hence the scissors-and-paste flavor of *The Painted Word*. It is not just wrong history: it is not even firsthand reportage. There has been a long fall from—remember it?—the New Journalism. ■ Robert Hughes

CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF WOLFE AT WORK





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MICK JAGGER (CENTER) & THE ROLLING STONES STAKE OUT THE ALAMO

PEOPLE

Although they will play to 1.5 million fans during their three-month tour of the Americas, **Mick Jagger** and the **Rolling Stones** are only tourists in some places. After two performances at the San Antonio Convention Center, the British rock megastars decided to pose for pictures at a famous Texas landmark. As they gathered together near a wooden door, it suddenly opened and a woman in her 60s emerged. "Would you mind not leaning against the door?" she snapped. "You're blocking our way to the Alamo." Jagger & Co. stepped aside and regrouped for their photo, then headed for their next concert in Kansas City. "I don't know what it is or where it is," joked Jagger of the Alamo later, "but we'll never play it again."

Not content to duel **Hugh Hefner** on the newsstands, **Penthouse** Publisher **Bob Guccione** seems determined to outdo the *Playboy* prince in the real estate department too. Guccione has paid more than \$1 million in cash for the 40-room Manhattan mansion that once belonged to Financier **Jeremiah Milbank**, and he is preparing to spend another \$1 million or so to have it "all redone in Italian Renaissance, very classical and simple." Besides a Roman-bath swimming pool and quarters for nine live-in servants, Guccione's digs will also feature accommodations for visiting *Penthouse* pets, but with some differences from Hefner's 74-room Bunny Hutch in Chicago. "In Hefner's place, the girls live in dormitories and they pay rent," Guccione explains. "In my place, they'll be there as guests while they're in town."

"Edith said it best. It's more important to have a good divorce than a good marriage because it lasts longer," reflected Author **Clifford Irving**. Even so, Irving, 44, and his wife, 39, seem to have

settled for just an estrangement. Since serving 17½ months in jail for masterminding the Great Howard Hughes Hoax of 1972, Irving has been living in East Hampton, Long Island, where he is "plugging away on a novel." Edith has retreated to the Spanish island of Ibiza. Although she painted in prison, Edith abandoned her craft for almost a year after her release. She has since returned to work, and this week opened an exhibit on Ibiza. "A lot of things we did in prison, we didn't want to do for a while afterward," explained Cliff. "I don't eat apples any more."

What is it worth to have lunch with New York's **Jacob Javits** in the Senate Dining Room? \$325. To spend an evening with **Summer Bartholomew**, Miss U.S.A.? \$1,000. To be able to jog around in a beat-up pair of sneakers once owned by Basketball Star **Julius Erving**? \$201.

These and other market values were set at what one TV critic described as "an upper-middle-class version of *Let's Make a Deal*," a nine-day fund-raising auction held on-screen by New York's public television station WNET. While some 500 celebrities acted as auctioneers, WNET viewers phoned in bids on donated goods and services ranging from **Warren Beatty's** working script for *Shampoo* (\$250) to a night at the opera with Actor **Tony Randall** (\$1,000). WNET officials reckoned that the auction would net the station nearly \$1 million, which is a lot of old sneakers.

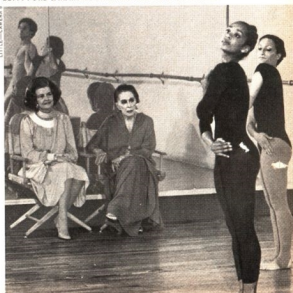
"She shaped my whole life," declared **Betty Ford** of the elder stateswoman of modern



EDITH IRVING SHOWING OFF ON IBIZA

dance, **Martha Graham**, 81. "She gave me the ability to stand up to all the things I have had to go through, with much more courage than I would have had without her." The First Lady, 57, was having her first reunion with her former mentor in more than three decades. Back in the late 1930s, Mrs. Ford was Betty Bloomer from Grand Rapids, a tyro member of the Graham entourage. After watching a brief rehearsal at the Graham school in Manhattan, Betty gave Martha a \$125 check for a ticket to a benefit performance this week on behalf of her company. "The dance, or her memory of it, has kept her beautiful," observed the instructor of her former pupil. Had the world lost a potential star when Betty abandoned her first career years ago? "It takes ten years to make a dancer," replied Graham tactfully. "She wasn't with me long enough to say."

BETTY FORD & MARTHA GRAHAM WATCH A REHEARSAL





COVER STORY

SUMMER OF THE SHARK

They needed a scuba-diving midget. Exactly why was a secret. "We wanted to keep that," says Director Steven Spielberg, "for the sapper."

The casting call specified that the midget ought also to have had some experience doing stunt work. At his office in Universal Studios, Spielberg interviewed anyone with this curious combination of credentials. Then Carl Rizzo walked in.

At 4 ft. 11 in., Rizzo is not a full-fledged midget. But he did have stunt experience. And when he arrived in the office, his face was covered with blood. He explained that rushing to the interview, he had got into a car accident outside the studio gate. Rizzo got the job in *Jaws* on the spot.

He was dispatched to the township of Port Lincoln, 170 miles west of Adelaide, Australia. From there he was to sail 20 miles out into the gulf in company of Underwater Photographers Ron and Valerie Taylor and be lowered over the side of a ship in a special steel mesh cage. Rizzo's role, doubling for one of the film's leading actors, was simply to persevere while a great white shark tried to trash him.

Since the real shark is about 16 ft. long, and the fictional great white in *Jaws* no less than 24, Rizzo's diminutive height would make the real fish look bigger. Rizzo understood all this. He did not count, however, on the fervor of the great white. Beginning his first descent, he watched one shark attack the Taylors' boat. Vexed, it side-swiped Rizzo, ripped his cage from its cable and took it to the bottom. Carl shot

out of the water and headed for cover.

His dilemma and his eminently rational response would win anyone's sympathy. But this summer, movie audiences may find themselves sharing a taste of his terror. Unlike Carl, most spectators will surrender willingly to the sea monster. Unlike Carl, too, most will probably want to see more of its tantrums.

Jaws, which opens in 490 theaters this week, is part of a bracing revival of high adventure films and thrillers over the past few months (see box page 44). It is expensive (\$8 million), elaborate, technically intricate and wonderfully crafted, a movie whose every shock is a devastating surprise. Like *Earthquake*, it takes how a panic-producing disaster and shows how a representative cross section of humanity responds to it. Like *The Exorcist*, it deals with an essentially unknowable, therefore unpredictable and thoroughly spooky symbol of evil. *Jaws* promises to hit right in the old collective unconscious and to draw millions irresistibly to the box office. Start a mass-medium migration like that, its producers hope, and millions more will turn out just to see what all the excitement is about. After that, as they say in the trade, "through the roof."

What sets *Jaws* apart from most of the other ceiling busters and makes it a special case, like *The Godfather*, is that it is quite a good movie. For one thing, it is mercifully free of the padding—comic, comic, cultural—that so often mars "big" pictures. In that sense, the movie is very like its subject. If the great white shark that terrorizes the beaches of an island summer colony is one of nature's most efficient killing machines, *Jaws*

is an efficient entertainment machine.

Partly this is due to a shrewd adaptation. Peter Benchley's novel spent too much time on dry land, plodding around Irving Wallace country, reinvestigating such tired phenomena as the uneasy marriage, the adulterous wife, the snaky seducer. In the movie, most of this lallygagging is eliminated. Police Chief Brody (Roy Scheider) must still fight the town's mayor, who is fearful that closing the beaches after the first shark attacks will ruin his resort's economy. He still joins forces with Quint, the professional shark killer (Robert Shaw, employing an ornate accent of indeterminate origin), and a youthful ichthyologist named Hooper (Richard Dreyfuss), all theory and wisecracks. Scheider is occasionally too recessive for his own good, while Shaw is too excessive for the good of the film. Dreyfuss, however, is perfect. With a cheeky charm he manages to humanize the picture while stealing it.

This perfectly ill-assorted trio sets out in the *Orca*, Quint's leaky craft, to bring the marauding great white to his reward. Ideal adversary that he is, the shark proves stronger and more wily than anyone suspected. The men go after him with rifles. They try to slow him down with barrels, fight him, tire him, tow him. In desperation Hooper descends below the surface in a shark cage (the sequence for which Carl Rizzo was hired), armed with a poison gun that will get the job done—if he can shoot it directly into the creature's mouth. The shark is not daunted by any of this, but his fury increases. The final battle is literally explosive.



A HIT RIGHT IN THE COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS: A GREAT WHITE SHARK ATTACKS A SOLITARY BATHER IN *JAWS*

Jaws contains classic sequences of suspense. In the first shark attacks—on a skinny-dipping adolescent and a little boy bobbing serenely on his air mattress—the audience is in possession of information the characters do not have. It knows the danger but cannot shout effective warning to the innocents on the screen. This is Hitchcock technique in a context the master has never explored. Steven Spielberg, 27, one of the top young directors around, is no Hitchcock yet by a long shot. For one thing, his characters lack the quirks and little guilts that make Hitchcock's creations stay in the memory. Spielberg works self-effacingly, with subtly correct camera placement and meticulous editing. He twists our guts with false alarms, giving us the real thing with heart-stopping suddenness. Spielberg is confident not only of his material but also of the virtues of simple, straightforward moviemaking. His attitude toward frenzy is reserved and objective. His is a rather old-fashioned, very American way of making a movie.

The making of a movie on the scale of *Jaws*, however, is a case study in the recklessness, stubbornness, blindness and bravado that go into a Hollywood superproduction. Like many extravaganzas before it, *Jaws* courted its own ca-

lamities. It is an unnatural law of film making that the larger the budget and the longer the shooting schedule, the closer the movie comes to the edge of catastrophe. *Jaws* flirted with disaster on land and water, in front of the cameras and behind. At one time or another, the film makers did battle with a recalcitrant mechanical shark, intrepid sailors and high-living yachtsmen, larcenous townspeople, tourists who were both curious about the movie and miffed that their vacations were being disrupted, striking labor unions and, inevitably, the elements. Spielberg says now, "*Jaws* should never have been made. It was an impossible effort."

One thing that kept anguished executives from shutting everything down and restaging the movie in the studio tank was that they were backing an adaptation of a proven commodity, a best-seller of numbing durability. There are over 5½ million copies of *Jaws* in print. Producer Richard (son of Darryl) Zanuck and his partner David Brown paid \$175,000 for the movie rights and a Benchley script.

The war began with the script. There were five in all. Benchley (grandson of Humorist Robert Benchley) says he "lost the ego problem" after comple-

tion of the second. He wrote a third draft, which was subsequently reworked by such diverse hands as Playwright Howard Sackler (*The Great White Hope*), Director John Milius (*The Wind and the Lion*) and Carl Gottlieb, an actor who had played improvisational comedy with the California-based troupe, The Committee, and who had a small role in the film. The last version was rejiggered nightly out on location.

While Benchley was still trying to whip his screenplay into workable form, Production Designer Joe Alves was dispatched to the East to find a location for the fictional village of Amity. The Hamptons were considered and rejected as "too opulent" before Alves, en route to Nantucket, took a ferry to Martha's Vineyard instead. The island had handsome houses and stark, scrub-pine shore vistas. It boasted a handy harbor with the sort of 180° view of the horizon, all uninterrupted, that Spielberg was looking for. Alves thought the Vineyard was perfect for *Jaws*. The residents, however, were not so sure.

Pointedly suspicious of outsiders (roughly defined as anyone whose birth certificate is not on file at the local hospital), some Islanders suspected that

DIRECTOR STEVEN SPIELBERG ENJOYS A RESPIRE FROM THE PRODUCTION RIGORS OF JAWS ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD

Hollywood interlopers would wreck their tranquillity, ruin the tourist season and befoul their waters. Others pointed out that a film crew of 150 or so would pep up business considerably during a recession off-season. So the Islanders settled back to watch events with skepticism.

Spielberg and his three leading actors had all congregated by May 2 with a ten-week shooting schedule and a script that was still unfinished. The quartet were alike only in that none of them really knew what they were in for.

► Steven Spielberg was all of 26 when he was hired. At the age of 16, he had made a 2½-hour feature for \$500, partly bankrolled by his father, a computer executive. Young Spielberg premiered this maiden effort—a sci-fi monster flick—in his home town of Phoenix with all the trimmings, including limousines and klieg lights raking the sky. By 20, he was in college just outside Los Angeles and had bluffed his way onto the Universal lot, where he hung around movie sets "until I got thrown off. Hitchcock, Franklin Schaffner, I was bound by the best Universal had to offer."

He was back at Universal months later, on the strength of a student film that had caught the eye of one of the executives. For the next four years, Spielberg directed television: episodes of

Marcus Welby, *Columbo*, *The Psychiatrist* and a *Movie of the Week* called *Duel*, which amply demonstrated his talents. A chilling little tale of a motorist pursued through the Southwest by a semi whose driver is never seen, *Duel* got Spielberg his first feature, *The Sugarland Express*. It was a movie with the sort of brio and elaborate technical command that made Spielberg, in the producers' view, just the man for *Jaws*. "I wanted to do *Jaws* for hostile reasons," said Spielberg. "I read it and felt that I had been attacked. It terrified me, and I wanted to strike back."

► Robert Shaw, 48, had a cooler opinion of the project. "*Jaws* was not a novel," he says. "It was a story written by a committee, a piece of shit." He was not inclined to take the part until his late wife, Actress Mary Ure, and his secretary both had a long look at the script and urged him on. "The last time they were that enthusiastic was *From Russia With Love*," recalls Shaw, who played the slow-thinking, fast-moving hit man in that Bond epic. "And they were right then. So I took the part."

Although Shaw has appeared in over two dozen movies (he was the conned con man in *The Sting*), the theater is his true territory. A graduate of London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, he starred in *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* and, on Broadway, in Harold Pinter's *The Caretaker* and *Old Times*. Pinter re-

turned the compliment by directing *The Man in the Glass Booth*, a play Shaw adapted from one of his own five novels. For all this, Shaw still resents what he calls "the English snobbishness about the superiority of acting onstage." He likes the challenge of building a character on film, "where very often you have to make bricks out of straw."

► Roy Scheider, 39, got an Oscar nomination for playing Gene Hackman's buddy in *The French Connection*. The role in *Jaws* gave him a shot at shaking the sidekick image that had attached itself since then. A solid, working New York actor who did time with Joseph Papp's New York Shakespeare Festival and the Lincoln Center Repertory, Scheider keeps his roots firmly in the East. He has a farm in upstate New York and a part interest in Joe Allen's, an actors' hangout near Broadway.

A former Golden Gloves boxer —his battered nose a prominent record of his teen-age ring career —Scheider proved to be the steadiest member of the troupe. When tempers frayed and gloom hung heavy over the production, Scheider usually just tuned out and worked on his suntan.

► Richard Dreyfuss, 26, took his part "with misgivings." He had dark suspicions, in fact, that *Jaws* would turn out to be "the turkey of the year." Boyish, eternally energized, Dreyfuss likes

A RUNDOWN OF SUMMER THRILLERS

In a tough little bit of song parody, the Rolling Stones once suggested: "Summer's here, and the time is right/ For fighting in the streets." It's also a prime time on screen for assorted brawls, mysteries, plots, tests of valor and full-fledged battles, as the current crop of thrillers amply demonstrates.

THE WIND AND THE LION. A rambunctious, romantic pageant, filled with sentimental splendors, all about a brave Berber bandit (Sean Connery) and a beautiful American woman (Candice Bergen) of true grit. Writer-Director John Milius has captured both the sweep and the spirit of such classic adventure romances as *Four Feathers*.

FRENCH CONNECTION II. John Frankenheimer's jolting, street-tough companion piece to William Friedkin's original, this time featuring Popeye Doyle (Gene Hackman) prowling Marseille, looking for the Frenchman who got away.

NIGHT MOVES. Gene Hackman again, this time as a former football player turned private eye trying to graft the pieces of his own past onto a missing person's case. Arthur Penn's sometimes sober, sometimes pyrotechnic film is a rather too eager attempt to lift the genre into the realm of metaphysics.

THE EIGER SANCTION. By contrast, is straightforward stuff, featuring Clint

Eastwood pulling some derring-do on the side of one of Switzerland's highest mountains.

ROLLERBALL. About to open, boasts James Caan in a futuristic speculation in which aggression has been channeled into a single deadly team sport.

BREAKOUT is the seasonal visit from Charles Bronson, this time more expansive than usual as a Texas border rat who is hired to bust Robert Duvall out of a Mexican prison. This caper—based on fact—also has the distinction of having inspired a real-life jailbreak in Michigan two weeks ago. Life is not always scrupulous about imitating art, however. The real convicts got caught.

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\$1051.84 in Baltimore, Md.	@ \$.059 per KWH	\$ 659.69 in Columbus, Ohio	@ \$.037 per KWH
\$1034.08 in Philadelphia, Pa.	@ \$.058 per KWH	\$ 641.86 in San Diego, Calif.	@ \$.036 per KWH
\$ 998.40 in Detroit, Mich.	@ \$.056 per KWH	\$ 624.03 in Miami, Fla.	@ \$.035 per KWH
\$ 944.95 in Newark, N.J.	@ \$.053 per KWH	\$ 606.20 in Denver, Colo.	@ \$.034 per KWH
\$ 922.13 in Atlantic City, N.J.	@ \$.052 per KWH	\$ 606.20 in Ashland, Wis.	@ \$.034 per KWH
\$ 909.30 in Erie, Pa.	@ \$.051 per KWH	\$ 588.37 in Milwaukee, Wis.	@ \$.033 per KWH
\$ 873.64 in Pasadena, Calif.	@ \$.049 per KWH	\$ 570.54 in Cincinnati, Ohio	@ \$.032 per KWH
\$ 873.98 in Pittsburgh, Pa.	@ \$.047 per KWH	\$ 570.54 in Dallas, Texas	@ \$.032 per KWH
\$ 820.15 in Fargo, N.D.	@ \$.046 per KWH	\$ 570.54 in Bismarck, N.D.	@ \$.032 per KWH
\$ 784.49 in Jacksonville, Fla.	@ \$.044 per KWH	\$ 552.71 in Tampa, Fla.	@ \$.031 per KWH
\$ 766.66 in Minneapolis, Minn.	@ \$.043 per KWH	\$ 534.88 in Fresno, Calif.	@ \$.030 per KWH
\$ 748.83 in Chicago, Ill.	@ \$.042 per KWH	\$ 517.02 in San Fran., Calif.	@ \$.029 per KWH
\$ 731.00 in Cleveland, Ohio	@ \$.041 per KWH	\$ 499.22 in Sheridan, Wyo.	@ \$.028 per KWH
\$ 695.34 in San Antonio, Texas	@ \$.039 per KWH	\$ 445.73 in Billings, Mont.	@ \$.025 per KWH
\$ 695.34 in St. Louis, Mo.	@ \$.039 per KWH	\$ 427.90 in Louisville, Ky.	@ \$.024 per KWH
\$ 677.51 in Phoenix, Ariz.	@ \$.038 per KWH	\$ 410.07 in New Orleans, La.	@ \$.023 per KWH
\$ 677.51 in Los Angeles, Calif.	@ \$.038 per KWH	\$ 392.25 in Houston, Texas	@ \$.022 per KWH

Above statistics are based on maximum savings available on Model RT21B8.

The Philco Cold Guard side-by-side (Model RT21B8, No Frost, 20.7 cubic foot capacity) uses 17% to 47% less electricity than similar models from three leading competitors. (And



you can save money on electricity with other Cold Guard models—not just this one!) Send us your name and address, we'll send you our Cold Guard Booklet that explains how to figure out how much you'll save in your particular area. Cold Guard provides you with

these savings while maintaining temperatures of 0° in the freezer and 37° in the refrigerator: temperatures recommended by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

Actual savings may be more or less depending upon climatic conditions, individual usage and electric rate changes. Savings shown are based on simulated home usage, estimated typical residential electricity consumption and rates.

Published results of tests conducted on Cold Guard models are available on request. Write to Aeronutronic Ford, Blue Bell, Pa. 19422

THE REFRIGERATOR THAT HELPS PAY FOR ITSELF.



"If you want to give a flying fish some competition ...try Hydrofoil Skiing in Corfu?"

8 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRSH WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 48215. PRIME, BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY ©1974.



"Hydrofoil skiing gives you a lift you don't get from regular skiing. You start out at surface level and reach an elevation of about four feet. The excitement comes as you realize that you're sailing two elements... air and water. But you'd better have a little tightrope walker in you to master the sport."

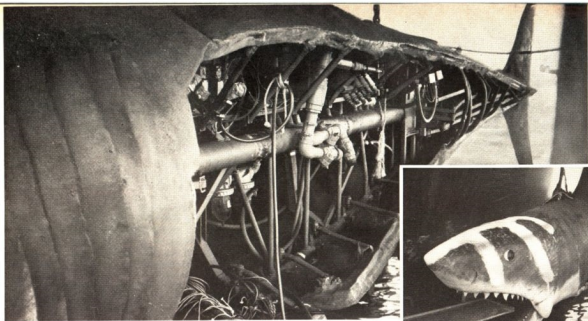
"Carol, who'd been looking like an airborne water nymph, lost her balance first. I took the plunge shortly after. But we both agreed that, with practice, no hydrofoil could foil us."

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Kanoni Cafe in Corfu." Wherever you go,

people with taste agree C.C. is the only Canadian. For them, it has a unique smoothness, mellowness and lightness no other Canadian whisky can match. For 116 years, it's been in a class by itself. "The Best In The House"™ in 87 lands.



Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada.



A CLOCKWORK TERROR: THE MECHANICAL SHARK TEMPORARILY UNDER REPAIR
A frogman for makeup and two days for a left turn.



to talk politics. He registered as a C.O. during the Viet Nam War, and seasons his conversation with references to George Orwell and Richard Hofstadter.

Dreyfuss started acting at the age of eleven, playing Theodore Herzl at the West Side Jewish Center in Los Angeles. He became a recognizable movie personality in *American Graffiti* and a major film actor in *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*. While the filming of *Jaws* wound on, Dreyfuss would cry in mock frustration, "What am I doing out in the middle of the goddam ocean when I could be back in civilization, making personal appearances?"

While the cast assembled, the only integral member of the *Jaws* unit still back in California was Special Effects Whiz Bob Mattey. He was building a 24-ft. great white shark that would be required to surface, swim, submerge, snap its jaws, thrash its tail, roll its eyes and gobble up Robert Shaw. Usually movie monsters get to work under the most pristine studio conditions. Mattey's great white not only had to behave like the real thing but also had to work in a shark's habitat. Imagine King Kong tramping down Fifth Avenue and shining up the Empire State Building, and the problems become a little clearer.

Real sharks were also required. Live ones were intercut with Mattey's creation for added verisimilitude. A dead one was needed to play the shark the townspeople thought was the killer. Some local fishermen promised they could provide the genuine article. After several fruitless days—at a daily wage of \$100—the anglers came up with unsuitable catches. Frantic, the film company sent to Florida, and a 13-ft. tiger shark was flown up, packed in ice like a gourmet C.A.R.E. package. The imported fish hung from a hook

on the Edgartown dock for four days, sending up such a powerful stench in the hot sun that it quickly lost much of its curiosity value. Some townsfolk reciprocated later by depositing on "Anack and Brown's doorstep the moldering carcasses of sharks from local waters.

The film company was also afflicted by theft. Scavengers kept stealing everything from nylon line to generators. The social life offered little relief. In the summer the Vineyard draws a large crowd of bankers, lawyers and literary figures; they felt free to ask endless questions on the assumption that the movie folk had a great deal to answer for. Investment bankers who earned \$400,000 a year wanted to know how much they could make as extras. Spielberg was continually asked how come he was so young. The producers also dodged questions about the workings of the mechanical shark, whose arrival was imminent.

There were, in fact, three of Mattey's mechanical marvels, collectively christened Bruce. Each was made largely of plastic, weighed 1½ tons and cost about \$150,000. Although built for different purposes—one for left-to-right movements, another for right-to-left movements, a third for underwater scenes—each was similarly operated by hydraulic pistons and compressed air. "There were no polluting fuels used," said Mattey, in a gesture to the ecology. He and 20 assistants finished assembling the Bruces while Spielberg completed all the sequences that called for dry land.

Bruce was fairly programmed for mishap. In order to use him, a twelve-ton steel platform, to which the mechanical shark was attached by a 100-ft.-long umbilical cable, had to be sunk to the ocean floor. The controls on the platform were operated by 13 technicians wearing scuba equipment.

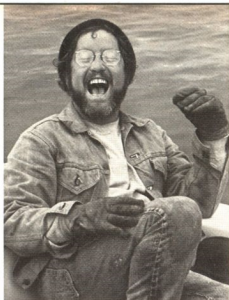
Bruce sank when he made his de-

but. During his second test on water his hydraulic system exploded. "That shark," says Producer Brown, "was like owning a yacht. We had to dredge a place for it to rest, we had to park it, guard it, stroke it, hide it from the public." A special makeup man in scuba gear would plunge into the ocean to add more blood to Bruce's teeth and gums or administer a touch-up to his tender plastic tissue. Bruce's skin tended to discolor and deteriorate in the salt water.

When Bruce finally revved up with enough style and conviction to shoot a short scene, the results were not initially impressive. Director Brian De Palma (*Phantom of the Paradise*), a buddy of Spielberg's, visited the Vineyard and saw the director trudging out from watching Bruce's first rushes. "It was like a wake," recalls De Palma. "Bruce's eyes crossed, and his jaws wouldn't close right." There was a long moment of hopeless silence, broken finally by Richard Dreyfuss. "If any of us had any sense," he said, "we'd all bail out now."

Everybody stayed. Mattey and his assistants made adjustments. Each day, a flotilla of small craft from the company would set out to sea. Bruce required a whole vessel to himself and another for the men who handled his controls. There were additional boats for the camera crew and the actors, supply boats, an old ferry from Chappaquiddick. They made the journey six days a week, through the summer and into autumn. Some days they would come back with no film at all. The daily departure began to look like a cortege.

"The ocean," Spielberg says, "was a real pain in the ass." While the technical crew scurried about under water, the director and his company waited out the vagaries of tide topside. "With all the



ROY SCHEIDER, ROBERT SHAW & RICHARD DREYFUSS PREPARE TO HUNT THE KILLER

planning we did," Spielberg recalls, "nobody thought much about the currents or anything at all about the waves." A strong current would cause equipment boats to drift away. Water color would change, the rhythm of the waves would fluctuate. "I could have shot the movie in the tank," Spielberg says, "or even in a protected lake somewhere, but it would not have looked the same."

At least he would have been spared the sailboats. When Production Designer Alves first saw and admired the Vineyard's uninterrupted horizon line, it was winter. By the time Spielberg took to the water, it was July 1; the Vineyard is one of the most popular ports in the Northeast. Small craft sailed within feet of the camera, sometimes interrupting shots.

Between weekend outings and formal regattas, sails swamped the solitude integral to the suspense of the last third of the film. Back at Universal City, executives fretting about the budget suggested that the boats be written into the

action. "We couldn't do it," Spielberg says. "You have three guys out in a rickety boat, hunting a killer shark. What kind of menace is there going to be if there is a family of four only 50 feet away, having a picnic on their sailboat?"

A sort of anxious resignation set in. A scene that looked relatively simple laid out on the director's storyboard, one that called only for Bruce to negotiate a left turn, might take two days to shoot. To combat ennui, Spielberg and Dreyfuss would sing comedy songs by Stan Freberg, a hero of their teen-age years. Spielberg also had a primitive projection room constructed on one of the boats. "Universal had only two films they could send us from their Boston office," Spielberg recalls. "We watched *Ma and Pa Kettle On the Farm* a lot."

Dreyfuss amused himself by dating up any available women who happened to sail by. *Duddy Kravitz* had just opened

SHOW BUSINESS

to excellent reviews, and apparently everyone on the island had seen *American Graffiti*. Dreyfuss stood ready to enjoy all the perks of movie stardom, and would seize an assistant director's megaphone to pitch woo across the water. "You know why I get so many dates?" he told the envious Spielberg. "Because I have a 40-ft. face."

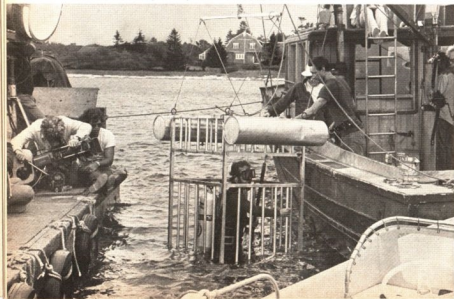
The monotony and the impatience sometimes caused accidents. Carl Gottlieb fell overboard and was nearly decapitated by the boat's propellers. About to duplicate Rizzo's feat—minus the presence of real sharks—Dreyfuss was almost imprisoned in his cage. Wearing a steel-and-leather corset for protection, Shaw spent two days being ingested by Bruce. Roy Scheider took no chances for his own moment of truth, which was to take place in the cabin of the sinking ship. He kept his own hammers and axes close at hand in case the effects men did not move fast enough.

By the time these last scenes were shot in October, the movie was 100% over budget and over schedule. With a month of additional filming in the Pacific still ahead of him, Spielberg left the Vineyard for the first time in almost half a year. Many members of the cast and crew had taken holidays off the island, but Spielberg had stayed behind. "I was afraid if I'd left," he says now, "I never would have gone back." After the last day of *Jaws* shooting on the Vineyard, Spielberg climbed into a boat and headed for the mainland, shouting to cast and crew like a still bold but newly wise commander. "I shall not return!"

As edited by Spielberg and the remarkable Verna Fields (who also cut *American Graffiti* and *The Last Picture Show*), everything finally paid off. "If you look carefully," Fields points out, "you will see blue sky in one segment of a scene, cloudy sky in another, choppy seas in one scene, glassy in another." No one will feel detached enough to notice. The movie moves like gang busters, so fast that none of the mismatches really show. Even Bruce looks like a star. "Except when he heaved himself out of the water—when he had a plastic look—I was quite surprised by how genuine he seemed," confessed Documentary Film Maker Peter Gimbel, who was familiar with the real thing from his own film, *Blue Water, White Death*.

Like all the best thrillers—with which this movie is good enough to keep company—*Jaws* relies on both the immediacy of illusion and the safety it provides. The menace so cunningly created and enlarged comes close enough to have caused loud screams and small tremors of terror at pre-release screenings. Yet *Jaws* is vicarious, not vicious, a fantasy far more than an assault. It is a dread dream that weds the viewer's own apprehensions with the survival of the heroes. It puts everyone in harm's way and brings the audience back alive. And in *Jaws*, the only thing you have to fear is fear itself.

RICHARD DREYFUSS (IN CAGE) SUITS UP FOR SOME UNDERWATER ACTION



JAWS-THE REAL THING

Among sci-fi's most tired conventions is the one in which some latter-day cataclysm releases from an aeons-long sleep a monstrous prehistoric creature who rampages around for eight or nine reels until the combined brains of the military-scientific-industrial complex figure out a novel ploy to dispatch the thing.

Such strained fictions have always seemed a lot of fuss to ichthyologists. Why bother to wake the creatures of unimaginably distant geologic ages when you can find, in a condition essentially unchanged for 63 million years, a creature cruising handily off every beach in the world who once shared the planet with dinosaurs, ichthyosaurs and pterosaurs and is as strange, unpredictable and dangerous as those bad old boys?

That creature is, of course, the shark. Doubtless one of the reasons it has long exercised such a powerful hold on the imagination of everyone (except, until recently, novelists and movie makers) is that it attacks not merely out of the depths of the ocean but out of the depths of prehistory as well. The other great source of its near mythic fascination is that despite ever-growing attention by marine scientists, there is precious little reliable information about sharks. It is not even known how many varieties of sharks there are (best estimate: around 300) or how many of them must be regarded as definitely lethal to man (best guess: about a dozen, with the great white and the tiger leading most lists). It is almost impossible to make wide-ranging behavioral generalizations from the way the creatures act in captivity and even more difficult to study them in their natural habitat. Science therefore knows more about the natural history and physiology of sharks, which can be gathered from autopsies, than about how they actually live in the wild.

Ranging in size from six inches to 60 feet, all shark species lack skeletons. Essentially they are masses of cartilage covered by a remarkably tough hide (in itself a nasty rasp-like weapon in the larger species). Theirs is an indiscriminating appetite. Everything from a keg of nails to a 100-lb. sea lion has been found in shark entrails. The biblical Jonah was there too, today's marine scientists theorize. Sharks are condemned by nature to a life without sleep or even rest. The reason is that they lack the swim bladders of the bony fishes, which permit the latter to float when they need to. A shark must literally swim or sink. If you wanted to anthropomorphize the beast, you could account for its wretched disposition by that fact alone.

Indeed, you might as well. Shark Expert H. David Baldrige insists that the

notion that sharks are completely unpredictable is nonsense. "Of course their actions are predictable," he maintains. The problem is that "we are still so totally ignorant of shark behavior that we cannot do it yet." He may very well be right, but just to deal with the crucial part of the shark problem—attacks on human beings—requires confrontation with a bewildering set of data. The files of shark-research panels in the U.S., Australia and South Africa record attacks in cold water and warm, deep seas and shallow, at high noon and midnight and all the hours in between, when the ocean was calm and when it was rough, in all seven seas and miles up the rivers

sharks can smell out one part of human blood in 10 million parts of water, some actually see better in dim light than in bright (which gives them the edge on deep-plunging human divers), and their hearing is just fine, thank you.

Thus common sense suggests entering the shark's ocean domain discreetly, especially in temperate waters, where the majority of depredations occur (not necessarily because there are more sharks there, but because people congregate along mild shores). Rapid, erratic motion attracts sharks, as do contrasting colors closely juxtaposed. Thus an even tan—and a bathing suit to match—is a precaution. So is a smooth swimming stroke; and a calm disposition coupled with a cowardly nature helps. Sharks generally prefer to go after isolated swimmers rather than those who



A TIGER SHARK, WHICH IS DANGEROUS TO MAN, DEVOURS A LEMON SHARK

that lead to them. One can scare oneself with the notion that there is no body of salt water anywhere in the world where one can feel entirely safe from sharks. One can console oneself with the notion that the chances of being killed by a shark are about the same as being struck dead by lightning. Each year there are 40 or 50 recorded attacks worldwide. If a shark does strike, statistics give a human about a 65% chance of surviving the encounter, though possibly with fewer appendages than when he began it.

Still, a sensible individual does not carry a steel-shafted golf club on high down a fairway in a thunderstorm, and enough has been learned about sharks to put to rest the once common notion that sharks are lazy, cowardly, clumsy scavengers. It is true that you can hold the brain of a 20-ft.-long great white in your cupped hands, but it is not true that the sensorium transmitting information to that primitive organ is feeble. Experiments have revealed that

are grouped. Sometimes they just bump and run. Such tactics merely may be manifestations of curiosity rather than an invitation to a rumble, so experts advise staying still and saving your anger for dry land. You should fight only if the fish puts an unmistakably aggressive move on you. Then it should be bar-room style, using any weapon, even risking a kicking leg or a flailing arm to the teeth that are, as the Bible says, "terrible round about." It is an awful, literally last-minute choice the creature offers—limb for life—and even then the sacrifice may be in vain. But the shark is congenitally erratic, and man is not necessarily so. It is the only advantage man has when he enters the element in which the shark's magnificent adaptation must compel admiration as well as awe. As a species, man has, after all, undergone thousands of adaptations in order to survive. As individuals, men improve desperately in order to make it through the day. Sharks, so far, have found no need to do either.

SCANDALS

Lifting the Lid on Some Mysterious Money

In West Africa it is known as *dash*, in Latin America as *la mordida* (the bite), in Italy *la bustarella* (the little envelope). By whatever name, bribery and associated tactics—outright payoffs to clerks and customs inspectors, “contributions” to political parties, the hiring of government officials as “consultants”—have long been accepted in many countries as the normal, natural way to get any business done. U.S. companies operating overseas must somehow adjust to that atmosphere. But the biggest scandal in American business right now is that too many seem to have become a part of it.

Remarkable Record. In recent months headlines have been filled with charges of payoffs overseas—and some damaging admissions. United Brands has admitted paying a \$1.25 million bribe in Honduras to get a banana export tax reduced, and Gulf Oil conceded making illegal contributions of \$4 million to South Korea's ruling political party. Last week the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations took up the most eye-opening case of all, that of Northrop Corp., the Los Angeles-based aerospace giant, which has a remarkable record of selling warplanes to foreign governments. Its tiny, efficient F-5 Freedom Fighter is flying in 17 countries. Chairman and President Thomas V. Jones foresees a global mar-

ket for 2,500 Cobra II fighters, priced at \$4 million to \$5 million each.

The subcommittee amassed a wealth of information about payments that Northrop made overseas. Much of the information came from a 530-page report prepared by Northrop's auditors, Ernst & Ernst, which started to investigate to comply with a consent decree that settled a Securities and Exchange Commission suit against Northrop. In their testimony, Jones and Executive Committee Chief Richard Millar sought to justify most of the payments as legitimate. In many cases they failed to convince skeptical Senators, who expect similar revelations from other companies. One danger is that in the public view, innocent multinationals will be clobbered along with the not so innocent. Said Idaho Democrat Frank Church, chairman of the subcommittee, to the Northrop executives: “Your case is to be regarded as representative.”

According to the Ernst & Ernst report, Northrop since 1971 may have spent as much as \$30 million overseas for which it did not properly account. Ernst & Ernst described 17 arrangements as questionable enough to warrant study. Some seem legitimate, but others are open to grave objections. They range from the petty—\$4,400 to an Iranian tax assessor to settle “a minor tax matter”—to the serious. Some examples:

► Northrop passed to Adnan Khashoggi, a wealthy Saudi Arabian entrepreneur, \$450,000 designated for two Saudi Arabian generals, Hashim Hashim and Asad Zuhair, who served at different times as chief of the nation's air force. Khashoggi denies the generals were bribed to buy Northrop planes. Nonetheless, Northrop did not defend the payment. Millar apologized last week to the Saudi government “for any embarrassment caused by this matter.”

► The company has had French General Paul Stehlin on its payroll as a consultant, at yearly fees ranging from \$5,000 to \$7,500, since 1964. Stehlin was once chief of staff of the French air force, and in 1973 became a vice president of the French National Assembly. Last fall, while quietly getting money from Northrop, he touted American fighter planes, including Northrop's F-17, as superior to French aircraft.

► Northrop paid \$705,000 to Iranian Prince Charam Pahlavania, a member of the imperial family, for services such as helping the company find a good Iranian architect. At the time, Northrop was part of a consortium that received a \$200 million contract to build a telecommunications system in Iran. Northrop maintains that the payment was a legitimate business expense.

► Northrop, after some haggling, paid \$500,000 to a company believed to

SOME NORTHROP PAYMENTS

IN CONTRACTS WE TRUST



French General Paul Stehlin had been on Northrop's payroll since 1964. His contract last year: \$7,500.

An unnamed Iranian tax assessor received \$4,400.

An unnamed Indonesian agent got \$15,000, which may have gone to a politician.



Adnan Khashoggi, Saudi Arabian entrepreneur, got \$450,000 earmarked for two Saudi generals.



THOMAS V. JONES

CHAIRMAN AND PRESIDENT

Frank DeFrancis, Washington lawyer, set up Swiss-based Economic & Development Corp. to get contracts on a no-questions-asked basis. Northrop is committed to pay \$3.1 million to EDC.

Iranian Prince Charam Pahlavania got \$705,000 as a consultant.

Saudi Prince Khalid bin Abdullah may have received \$500,000.

Also payments to other individuals or companies in Switzerland, Iran, Brazil and Thailand.

?

Sold American

At Paris' elegant Hotel Ritz, the champagne flowed until the small hours. Beaming U.S. Air Force generals mingled with aircraft executives and diplomats. The party's host, General Dynamics Corp. of St. Louis, had every reason to splurge. After more than a year of knee-and-gouge competition, Belgium had decided to buy the company's F-16 fighter-interceptor instead of the French Dassault Mirage F1-M53 as a replacement for aging U.S. F-104 Starfighters. That clinched what everyone was calling "the arms deal of the century."

Belgium had been the holdout in a NATO consortium that also includes Norway, Denmark and The Netherlands. Once the Belgians decided, General Dynamics was assured of sales to the four countries of 348 planes worth \$2.1 billion. That will be in addition to the 650 F-16s already ordered by the U.S. Air Force as its new generation of fighters for the 1980s. General Dynamics estimated that the 998-plane sale could create 40,000 jobs in the U.S., plus thousands more in the four NATO countries, which will share in production.

If other countries, particularly Iran, opt for the trim Mach 2-plus (1,500 m.p.h.) craft, total production could reach almost 1,500 planes worth \$9.1 bil-



THE GENERAL DYNAMICS F-16 GOING THROUGH ITS PACES AT THE PARIS AIR SHOW

lion. The agreed "not-to-exceed" price of \$6.09 million (v. \$5.5 million for the Mirage) per basic airplane, could, if 1,500 planes are in fact sold, add \$4.3 billion to the credit side of the U.S. trade balance during the next ten years. The long-range total could be even higher; such extras as spare parts and technical additions could boost the per-plane price to \$7.6 million.

The French were understandably angry. Although the F-16 was clearly superior, the Mirage was a smart performer itself and had other things going for it, among them a large number of French-speaking Belgians who would be

outraged at a decision to choose the F-16. But not even that consideration could outweigh aggressive salesmanship by General Dynamics and the U.S. Government. In the final hours before the decision, U.S. Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger sagely offered Belgian policymakers a rationale for buying the F-16 while at the same time mollifying French-speaking voters. He gave Belgian Defense Minister Paul Vanden Boeynants assurances that the U.S. would consider buying \$30 million worth of Belgian machine guns, which happen to be made in the French-speaking portion of Belgium.

be controlled by Saudi Prince Khalid bin Abdullah, a registered commercial agent for several companies, for advancing Northrop sales.

The auditors' report also revealed that Northrop runs a far-flung network of semiautonomous intelligence and sales agents who collect information, pull strings and distribute money in countries as diverse as Brazil and West Germany. Some of the agents operate entirely legitimately. But John R. Hunt, a former Northrop executive, was quoted in the Senate subcommittee hearings as telling the auditors: "The role of the agent is primarily that of influence peddler; that is, he knows whom to talk to and whose pockets to line in a particular country to get the job done."

Mysterious Functions. Certainly, the roles of some agents are shadowy. Khashoggi is an example. Another is Frank DeFrancis, a Washington lawyer. He set up the Zurich-based Economic & Development Corp. in 1971 to promote sales of the F-5 round the world; it operated on an understanding that Northrop would ask no questions about what it does to obtain contracts. Northrop is committed to pay EDC a sum estimated as \$3.1 million, representing commissions on aircraft already sold.

Whatever comes of the Northrop revelations, the story is not likely to stop there. Ever since the Watergate prosecutors began investigating illegal con-

tributions by more than a dozen U.S. companies (including Northrop) to Richard Nixon's 1972 re-election campaign and found clues that some of the same companies had also made suspiciously large, undisclosed payments overseas, a probe of multinationals' operations has been widening. The SEC has already accused Phillips Petroleum, Ashland Oil and General Refractories of making overseas payments not properly accounted for on their books. Senator Church indicated that his subcommittee will call chiefs of other companies besides Northrop to testify. One likely target: Lockheed Aircraft. Last week Lockheed officials admitted making a \$22,000 political contribution in an unnamed foreign country where, they say, such payments are legal.

Overseas, the Northrop revelations were greeted largely by an everybody-does-it yawn. Said one French official: "That American false puritanism makes Americans really think everything is pure in business. Clearly, oil, arms, electronics and telecommunications deals are usually fertilized a bit." The use of agents and consultants is not peculiar to Northrop. Khashoggi has represented Lockheed, Raytheon and Chrysler, and General Stehlin is still listed by Hughes Aircraft as a consultant.

Many American executives in the U.S. and overseas expressed off-the-record indignation, not at Northrop, but at

the Church subcommittee for airing the firm's dealings and embarrassing U.S. companies abroad. But to hear some American businessmen tell it, the United Brands, Gulf and Northrop revelations have barely scratched the surface. In several countries, bribes must be routinely passed out to minor functionaries just to get licenses or even make sure that an American executive's household

SUBCOMMITTEE CHAIRMAN FRANK CHURCH



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

furniture clears customs. Payoffs to government officials to influence their buying decisions are also common in such countries as Argentina, Indonesia and almost any place in the Middle East.

In some countries—even those with strict laws against bribery—questionable practices have become institutionalized. Saudi Arabian law has stern penalties for bribe takers, yet some American executives say that any company seeking a Saudi contract must count on adding 10% for graft to the stated price. One U.S. executive tells of paying \$3 million in bribes to win a \$7 million contract in Iran. In Indonesia, the President's wife, Ibu Tien Suharto, is widely known as "Ibu Ten Percent" for the rake-offs she has reportedly demanded from businesses operating there. The South Korean government lately has openly asked foreign corporations for contributions to national defense in lieu of raising taxes; Herbert Telshaw Jr., senior vice president of General Motors Korea, last week openly delivered a check for \$104,000.

Inquisitiveness Needed. What can be done to stop these practices? Congress could pass a law forbidding U.S. corporations to bribe foreign officials. (Surprisingly, that is not a violation of U.S. statutes now, although concealing the payments on a corporation's books violates SEC reporting requirements.) A new law seems unlikely to do much good; those corporations paying bribes do so in the hope that their payments will never be discovered. The Internal Revenue Service, however, could become more inquisitive about the fees paid by U.S. companies to foreign agents. If the IRS accepts them as legitimate business expenses, then any bribes passed out by the agents are in effect half paid by the Federal Government, since they count as deductions from the earnings on which American corporations must pay a 48% tax.

The most effective solution may be the simplest: for U.S. multinationals simply to say no to foreign demands for bribes. Unquestionably, they would lose some contracts to French, West German, Japanese and other foreign competitors and perhaps to some U.S.-based rivals too. Yet despite intense pressure, such big U.S. companies as W.R. Grace, Phelps Dodge, International Paper and IBM have established reputations overseas for refusing to go along with bribery and generally find they can sell on the appeal of their products and services.

Ultimately, foreign bribery is a self-defeating tactic. Once word gets out that a U.S. company is a soft touch for payoffs, it becomes a target for all kinds of rip-offs. Moreover, when a company pays off a corrupt government, it makes itself a target for nationalization if an opposition party comes to power. In less developed nations, further, bribe-giving corporations contribute to an atmosphere of corruption that adds to the appeal of puritanical leftist movements.



TARIFF ANTAGONISTS MORTON & ZARB TESTIFYING AT A HOUSE HEARING

ENERGY

Asleep in the Eye of the Storm

The drop in energy demand caused partly by the world recession, as well as the nine-month price freeze declared by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, has given the U.S. a brief respite from the energy crisis—a few months of abundant supplies and stable, though high prices. The nation should have used this period to plan strategy for freeing itself of its dangerous dependence on foreign oil. Last week it became painfully clear that the nation has instead fallen asleep in the eye of a storm. On Oct. 1, oil prices will almost certainly take another jolting jump, and the rise will apparently catch the country still without any energy policy worthy of the name. The week's developments:

OPEC met in Libreville, Gabon, and put on the record what was already obvious: it will "readjust" (meaning raise) oil prices again when the freeze ends Sept. 30. The 13-nation cartel named no figure, but President Ford reacted to nervous speculation that the increase would amount to \$2 to \$4 per bbl., on top of the current price of \$10.46 per bbl. for the key grade of crude. Such a boost, said the President, would be "totally without economic justification."

The cartel voted also to quote oil prices not in dollars but in Special Drawing Rights—a type of global bookkeeping money created by the International Monetary Fund. The effect could be to inflate the dollar price of oil even more. The worth of an S.D.R. is based on an average of the value of 16 major currencies, including the dollar; lately the value of the dollar has been falling against most of the other currencies and thus against that of the S.D.R. If that

slide continues, more dollars will be needed to equal an S.D.R.—or buy a barrel of oil.

Oil-exporting nations contend that they need a big price boost because Western inflation and the decline in the dollar have eaten away the purchasing power of the greenbacks that they receive by selling oil. In France, for example, the purchasing power of their dollars has dropped roughly 30% in the past nine months—about 10% because of French price increases, 20% because of a decline in the value of the dollar against the franc. This argument, of course, overlooks two screamingly obvious facts: a quintupling of oil prices since October 1973 has left the OPEC nations far ahead of the game, and the oil price boosts have mightily helped to fan the Western inflation about which they complain. Indeed, OPEC's plans reflect raw economic power; given their control of 68% of the world's proven oil reserves, the nations in the cartel can set prices just about anywhere they choose.

A Guffed Bill. The threat of another price increase should have moved the U.S. to take stern measures to conserve oil. Just the opposite happened last week. Acting irresponsibly, the House guffed an energy bill.

The measure had already been watered down before it was brought to the floor, but a key provision remained—raising the federal tax on gasoline, now 4¢ per gal., by 3¢ next year and by as much as an additional 20¢ if motorists were not being forced to conserve fuel. But the House voted down the potential 20¢ increase by a lopsided 345-72; then rejected, 209-187, even the 3¢ charge—leaving no additional gas tax

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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

whatever. Congressmen also rejected a tax on sales of gas-guzzling cars. They opted instead for a provision requiring the auto industry to improve the guzzlers' fuel economy. The industry could finance such improvement by charging higher prices for all cars, not just the thirsty behemoths. In addition, the House voted a quota on oil imports that will not reduce imports, but will slow their rise.

Congress's failure to legislate any tough energy program puts the burden on the Ford Administration, which has already doubled its tariff on imported oil, to \$2 per bbl. But an argument broke out within the Administration over that scheme. Commerce Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton, who has a habit of dropping bombshells at breakfasts with reporters, let go another last week. Shortly after the orange juice, he confided that he might recommend scaling down or scrapping the tariff boost if OPEC does in fact raise prices. Morton's comment was repudiated immediately by Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb and then by President Ford. Nonetheless, Morton has a serious point: the tariff boost may not be the best way to reduce imports, it acts as a drag on essential as well as nonessential sectors of the economy.

Gas Changes. Ford has another strategy: to decontrol gradually the price of U.S.-produced oil and gas, letting them rise as a means of forcing conservation and encouraging new development. But even that came a cropper last week. A House Commerce subcommittee heard staff members of the Federal Trade Commission charge that the gas industry deliberately understated reserves in order to win high prices. For example, the FTC officials contended, in 1971 and 1972 Union Oil for internal purposes assessed gas reserves in an area off the Louisiana shore at 7.2 trillion cu. ft.; at the same time, the American Gas Association was officially estimating reserves in the same region at exactly half—3.6 trillion cu. ft. Justified or not, the accusations can hardly fire congressional enthusiasm for decontrol of oil and gas prices.

As a kind of grace note to this chaotic symphony, the House last week failed, by three votes, to override a presidential veto of a bill to regulate more strictly the strip mining of coal. As a result, somewhat more critically needed coal will be produced, but at the expense of the environment. The bill's environmental safeguards would not have compounded the energy problem if the nation had a coordinated energy policy. As it was, however, the vote merely highlighted the inability of the White House and Capitol Hill to come up with such a policy, or of the Democratic-controlled Congress to draft any sustainable energy program of its own. So long as that deadlock continues, the U.S. will apparently be left to OPEC's none-too-tender mercies.

PERSONALITY

Alice's Adventures in Budgetland

Though it controls the nation's purse strings, Congress has long been out-matched by the Executive Branch in brainpower for evaluating federal spending proposals. Only a few Senators and Representatives have acquired much proficiency in economics, and the Administration can overwhelm them with spending and revenue estimates prepared by the Office of Management and Budget and the Council of Economic Advisers—in all, an apparatus of some 700 people. This year the imbalance has been lessened by the new Congressional Budget Office and its articulate, polit-

move to combat unemployment, will decide whether to spend more on public works or simply send more revenue-sharing funds to state and local governments, or combinations of both. Rivlin's staff will analyze the costs of both programs in order to provide Congress with objective standards for a choice.

By the end of this month, the CBO staff will produce budget estimates and an economic forecast for 1976. In the fall, using tallies and economic models prepared at Rivlin's behest by Chase Econometrics, Data Resources Inc. and the Wharton School, Congress will add up what it has actually appropriated in voting on separate bills and act to bring the total under the agreed-upon deficit ceiling.

Rivlin already has much experience in analyzing budgets: as a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, she co-authored studies of the 1972, 1973 and 1974 budgets under the title *Setting National Priorities*. She has spent 18 years as a professional budget watcher, part of it as an Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, helping to plan Lyndon Johnson's Great Society programs.

The daughter of a physicist, a Bryn Mawr alumna and a Radcliffe Ph.D. in economics, Rivlin, 44, is the wife of a Washington lawyer and the mother of three children—whose tasks have been lightened by housekeepers throughout her career. She became interested in economics during a summer course at Indiana University. Says she: "It seemed less fuzzy than history or political science." Short (5 ft. 2 in.) and an impeccable dresser, Rivlin is regarded by colleagues as even-tempered and firm but not stubborn.

Negative Tax. Before taking over at CBO in February, Rivlin had championed tax reforms intended to redistribute income from the rich to the poor, including a negative income tax. Her liberal record aroused some opposition among congressional conservatives to her confirmation in the \$40,000-a-year job. But Rivlin insists that her advocacy will stop during her four-year term. "This will be a strictly nonpartisan, professional operation," she vows. Liberals can expect no automatic sympathy from Rivlin. Says she: "What worked in the 1960s isn't working any more. Liberals are going to have to state the costs and face the music."



CONGRESSIONAL BUDGET ECONOMIST ALICE M. RIVLIN
Less fuzzy than history or political science.

ically liberal director, Economist Alice Mitchell Rivlin.

The CBO was set up as part of the new budgetary process under which Congress votes spending and deficit ceilings rather than passing appropriations bills in disorderly bits and pieces. Rivlin's job is to systematically analyze the probable effects of various choices on the economy. As she puts it, "Congress has always had a lot of power over the budget, but it was not organized to think 'Is that really what we want to do?'"

Rivlin operates out of cramped quarters on the ground floor of the former Carroll Arms Hotel; her desk occupies the spot where a bar once catered to thirsty Senators. She has spent most of her three months on the job assembling a staff of 200, including some top economists. They will be kept busy in the next few months. A typical task will come this summer, when Congress, in a



SELLER, BUYER & LAWYERS GATHER TO SIGN THE DEAL ON A HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY

REAL ESTATE

Exposing Closing Costs

The meeting at which the seller and buyer of a house sit down with their lawyers, lenders and real estate brokers to sign the deal is usually a tense session—not least because the two principals do not yet know how much they will have to cough up in closing costs. Under a new federal law taking effect this week, they will be forewarned, if not cheered. The Real Estate Settlement Procedures Act requires that the lender give both buyer and seller an itemized list of closing costs at least twelve days before settlement.

The buyer still faces a bewildering array: fees paid to a lender for processing the mortgage (usually 1% of the note); fees paid to the lender's lawyer for inspecting the title (about \$125); fees paid to the buyer's lawyer for doing the same thing and generally making sure everything is according to Hoyle (\$150 to \$650); and title insurance (about \$200), in case title proves faulty despite all the money paid to lawyers to make sure it is not. The seller's big expense is the real estate broker's commission. All together, the Senate Banking Committee estimates, commissions and closing costs averaged \$3,000 on single-family

houses last year, with the burden falling about equally on sellers and buyers.

The new law does nothing directly to lower costs; it merely gives a buyer or seller some time to object and negotiate. For that reason, Senate Banking Committee Chairman William Proxmire considers it inadequate and is pushing a measure that would have mortgage lenders pick up the costs in lieu of going through disclosure procedures. Of course the lenders would pass those costs along in higher interest, but, Proxmire argues, they would have an incentive to keep the costs down, and have far more bargaining power with lawyers and real estate brokers than the lonely buyer does.

AUTO RENTALS

Trying Too Hard?

Travelers renting cars at most U.S. airports can choose to drive away the Fords of Hertz, the Plymouths of Avis or the Chevies of National Car Rental. Last week the Federal Trade Commission charged that the Big Three of the auto-rental business had combined to make sure that consumers got no other choice. Hertz, Avis and National, said the FTC, have been conspiring since 1968 to freeze competitors out of airport trade,

which constitutes 70% of the \$700 million-a-year business, and to keep car-rental prices artificially high.

The FTC alleged that Hertz, Avis and National conspired to submit identical bids for concession rights at airports, and persuaded airport managers to set requirements for concessions that disqualified competitors. One rule they are alleged to have promoted requires that "concessionaires have a nationwide reservations network." The FTC also accused the three companies of fixing rental prices and stated that smaller competitors kept out of the airports charged 10% to 40% less.

Booted Out? The commission further charged the rental companies with "entering into anticompetitive arrangements" with automakers—Hertz with Ford, Avis with Chrysler and National with General Motors. According to the complaints, the arrangements provide the rental companies with advertising subsidies from the automakers that average \$5 million a year to each, and "have the effect of increasing barriers to entry" to smaller companies, which do not get such large subsidies.

The three rental concerns denied the charges. The FTC chose not to accuse the automakers of any violation, but a spokesman for Ford denied that the advertising agreements were anticompetitive and said the company had similar agreements with some of Hertz's smaller competitors.

A trial of the case before an FTC administrative-law judge may be a year off, and the companies could appeal any unfavorable ruling through the federal courts. If the FTC eventually prevails, the three companies could be forced to pay triple damages to any competitors or consumers who win lawsuits. The FTC might also seek to have one or more of the three big rental companies booted out of some airports and replaced by smaller competitors.

MILESTONES

Married. Erich Segal, 37, bestselling tearjerker (*Love Story*, *Fairy Tale*) who has been writing and lecturing at Princeton since he left his classics professor's job at Yale; and Karen Marianna James, 28, a British children's book editor whom he met last summer on a flight from Tel Aviv; he for the first time, she for the second; in Princeton, N.J.

Died. Durga Prasad Dhar, 57, Indian diplomat and Ambassador to Moscow, who negotiated New Delhi's 1971 nonaggression pact with the Soviet Union and was a principal architect of India's military intervention in neighboring East Pakistan's civil war, which led to the creation of independent Bangladesh; following a heart attack; in New Delhi.

Died. Arthur Kober, 74, Bronx-accented humorist and playwright; of cancer; in Manhattan. Kober's career ranged from Broadway, *Having A Wonderful Time* (1937), *Wish You Were Here* (1952), to Hollywood, where he adapted his first wife Lillian Hellman's play *The Little Foxes* for the screen in 1941. His best-known creation, Bella Gross, drawn from The Bronx immigrant neighborhoods where he grew up, appeared in innumerable cartoons and *New Yorker* stories and remains the model for an enduring comic genre: the put-upon Jewish girl who is forever hounded by her mother to get out and "catch a nice boy, a doctah."

Died. Marion Frankfurter, 84, wife of the late Supreme Court Justice Felix

Frankfurter and a shrewd judge of issues and personalities in her own right; in a Washington, D.C., nursing home. A witty, no-nonsense Massachusetts girl, Marion Frankfurter was the editor of many of her husband's nonjudicial writings. Never shy about deflating the sometimes pedantic and opinionated Justice when circumstances seemed to call for it, she once cracked that "there are only two things wrong with Felix's speeches: he digresses and he returns to the subject." Crippled with arthritis and in need of constant, expensive medical care since her mid-60s, she was nearly indigent soon after her husband's death in 1965, a fact that prompted Congress to make a modest raise in the pensions of Supreme Court widows from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year.

Bush League

Holly Hill, Orangeburg, Columbia, Clinton—the exits along I-26 in South Carolina loom in the muggy night like guideposts to ghost towns as the 1958 General Motors coach grinds west. Its odometer creaks past 620,000 miles. The Spartanburg Phillies of the Western Carolinas League—25 eager minor league baseball players—are heading home after losing a night game to the Charleston Pirates. They have not eaten since they left Spartanburg nearly twelve hours ago for the outbound leg of the 420-mile, one-day road trip. Pitcher Jerry Houston and Infielder Raul Nieves are asleep, crammed into the overhead luggage racks. Centerfielder Lonnie Smith has his radio pressed against the window, searching through the static for rock music. Up front, Manager Lee Elia stares at the embers of a cigarette as he flicks it to the floor. It will be 2 a.m. before the day ends. Fourteen hours, more than seven of them on the road, for a 1-hr. 58-min. baseball game.

Proud Anachronism. The trip in a way is a journey backward through time. Minor league ball is a sporting way of life that most of America has left behind—doomed by the onset of jet travel, domed stadiums and exorbitant salaries. How much longer it lasts depends on the major league franchises, which still use farm teams to ripen talent. Victims of TV broadcasts from major league cities, which give fans painless access to top-quality play, the minors have lost too many fans to pay their way; most clubs are now supported in red ink by big-league teams. Last year the Philadelphia Phillies alone poured \$2 million into their farm system—including Spartanburg. Even so, the bush leagues continue to die off. From a peak of 59 leagues, 448 teams, and 42 million spectators in 1949, the minors withered to 18 circuits, 145 teams and 11 million fans last summer.

In Spartanburg and other survival towns, the minors are a dusty, dilapidated but proud anachronism. Here a kid fresh out of high school can still dream of making the big leagues, and a fan can see the color of a player's eyes from a \$1.25 seat. At decaying College Park in Charleston, the mosquitoes outnumber the fans, the floodlights leave the centerfielder groping in the dark, and a park employee has to run out into rightfield every half-inning to update the scoreboard. In Greenwood, Dave Fendrick, the young general manager of the Braves, has to collect tickets at the front gate, the dugouts are too small to shelter all the players, and in Spartanburg, Charlie ("Doc") Royals wears four hats as the Phillies' bus driver, clubhouse manager, laundry man and trainer.

No matter. The 400 or so fans who

rattle around in the 3,000- to 4,000-seat ballparks are not looking for fancy entertainment. "I just love to watch 'em play," says Marvin Butler, 67. As the Braves take on the Phillies at Legion Stadium in Greenwood, he is looking on from the back-row seat he has occupied for 20 years. His father, Dave Butler, 89, sits next to him. Both prefer the live game to the TV set at home in nearby Ninety Six, where they could watch the Atlanta Braves. "I'd rather be out here where I can see what's going on," says Dave. At Duncan Park in Spartanburg, B.C. Pate, 70, yells at the umpire when he is not working on his chaw of Red Man tobacco. "I come up here to roller," he says. "I just love to get on them umps."

The brand of play is not bad, despite the Class A status of the league—one notch above rookie teams but far below Double A or Triple A ball. Dressed in hand-me-down uniforms from Philadelphia (with the major leaguers' names removed from the back), the Phillies play a crisp, aggressive game that by last week had given them a commanding seven-game league lead.

For the players, who make \$500-\$600 a month plus a skimpy \$6.50 per diem on road trips for a grueling schedule of 146 games in 140 days, what really matters is the chance of making it to Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia. "I can see myself standing at home plate," says Spartanburg Catcher P.J. Carey. "The Star-Spangled Banner is playing, and it's the seventh game of the World Series. That's what it's all about."

Rightfielder Rich Meily, for one, will only get to "the Vet" as a fan: he was released by Spartanburg earlier this month. One day he was strutting up to bat, blond curls flowing below his cap—"Cool Breeze" Meily at the plate. The next morning he was standing stunned under an oak as Manager Elia told him Philadelphia no longer needed his services.

Real Pleasure. The Philadelphia roster is full of players who fared better than Meily in the farm system: Sluggers Dick Allen, Greg Luzinski and Mike Schmidt. Shortstop Larry Bowa. Catcher Bob Boone. Centerfielder Lonnie Smith, 19, could be another. Signed for an estimated \$75,000 bonus as Philadelphia's first draft pick in January, Smith, a welder's son from Compton, Calif., is hitting a hefty .315. "Maybe some day I'll be a superstar," he laughs. "Right now, I'm just trying to hit those hard sliders and big breaking curves."

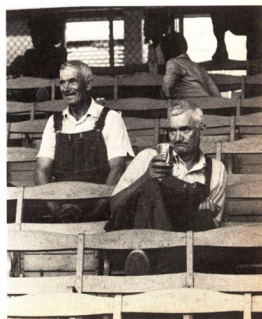
For knowledgeable fans, the real pleasure is watching the 19- and 20-year-old players grow. "The greatest thing," says oldtime Greenwood Braves broadcaster Larry Gar, "is seeing a kid who has been fooled on 100 breaking pitches hit the 101st out of the park."



SPARTANBURG PHILLIES BUS TO CHARLESTON



SUITING UP FOR GAME AGAINST GREENWOOD



TWO PHILLY FANS AT DUNCAN PARK

Goodbye to Galbraith

As members of Harvard's economics department gathered last week at a party for professors who were retiring or departing, someone read a telegram from one of the guests of honor. The only clue it contained to the whereabouts of the missing professor, John Kenneth Galbraith, was the postscript: DICTATED IN BERLIN.

Despite his almost legendary absences from the campus, Galbraith, 66, is one of Harvard's best-known professors, and probably one of the world's most famous economists. He also emerged as a jet-set superstar who is as

present. Last week he received another tribute from the Harvard and Radcliffe senior classes, which chose him as their Class Day faculty speaker. Said Class Marshal Harden Wiedemann: "He is respected because of his scholastic endeavor, but more than that, though he is not often available to students, when he is, he is totally devoted to them." In his Class Day speech Galbraith himself chose to "reflect on the 41 years that I have been at Harvard, or, as some of my colleagues would prefer, the 41 years that I have been frequently not at Harvard."

Not one to hide his feelings, Galbraith has often put off the administration and some of his colleagues. In 1969 he was a leader of the liberal wing of the faculty in denouncing the administration after a student strike and a police bust. Galbraith's fans, like Nobel Laureate Wassily Leontief, say that "as economic theory has gotten narrower he has provided a bridge to the real world." Others demur. Says Harvard Business School Lecturer Daniel Fenn: "I think his field has not primarily been Harvard. He has used it mainly as a base of operations. My feeling is that he has dropped in from time to time."

Mixed Reviews. Galbraith has not taught a course at Harvard since the fall semester, 1973. When he had classes, he earned mixed reviews from his students. In describing Galbraith's Social Sciences 134 course, the students' confidential guide noted in 1968: "The long ambassador, as he was known affectionately in India, has failed in all of his past courses to demonstrate either economic rigor or an interest in undergraduates." A year later, however, the guide praised the same course: "People accustomed to the usual outline form lecture say they find him hard to listen to. But they should get their minds together again; Galbraith is brilliant."

For his part, Galbraith thinks that students' efforts at educational reform usually result in a lowering of standards. But he believes that the quality of the student body is improving. The greatest change he has seen at Harvard has been "the conversion of its undergraduates from slightly ludicrous aristocracy to a somewhat serious meritocracy."

Over the years Galbraith has been generous to Harvard. Independently wealthy, he has turned over royalties from *The Affluent Society* and much of his grants to the economics department. His money replaced libraries in the offices of colleagues after a fire; he underwrote a cost of living raise for graduate students on scholarships and has donated his outstanding collection of Indian art to Harvard's Fogg Museum. In a parting gesture he told the seniors he would give a prize of \$10,000 a year for the next five years to the economics pro-

fessor rated highest by second-year graduate students. The award would encourage good teaching, he said, because "all economists believe in competition and pecuniary incentives."

New Coleman Report

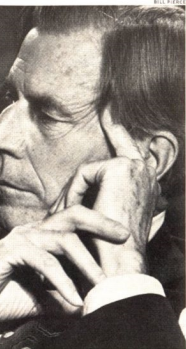
Much of the thrust toward school desegregation was provided by the 1966 Coleman Report, which demonstrated statistically that black students learn more in integrated classrooms. Now the author of that report, University of Chicago Sociologist James S. Coleman, has completed another study on school integration that is likely to be as controversial—and perhaps as influential—as his first. Coleman's conclusion: "Programs of desegregation have acted to further separate blacks and whites rather than bring them together."

The blame, says Coleman, lies largely in the forced massive busing of students in big cities. When confronted with the possibility that their children will have to go to school with large numbers of blacks, many middle-class white families move to the suburbs or head for private schools. Says Coleman: "Busing has subjected middle-class white parents to things that they don't want—the possibility of lower reading levels and greater discipline problems in their children's classrooms."

Coleman's latest study, sponsored by the Urban Institute, a Washington, D.C., think tank, analyzed racial data and trends in U.S. public schools from 1968 to 1973. When only small numbers of well-behaved, well-scrubbed black children were involved in busing, Coleman says, white parents did not resist too much. Indeed, busing has continued to work well in some smaller school systems. But when busing began to involve large numbers of low-income blacks from big-city ghettos, whites started to move away. Apparently confirming what opponents of forced busing have maintained all along, Coleman says: "Busing does not work."

No Tools. Critics were quick to call the report premature and unsubstantiated. NAACP Executive Director Roy Wilkins wondered whether Coleman was being used to "draw the Negro away from the courts." But Coleman still firmly believes in school integration. The problem, he says, lies in the way that courts have tried to bring it about. "It is ludicrous to attempt to mandate an integrated society. Integration must come through other means."

Some of those means, Coleman feels, are local school boards and state legislatures—because their actions require a consensus. But he believes that successful integration in the U.S. will also depend on "voluntary factors," including more racial intermarriage.



RETIRING JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH
Dropping in from time to time.

likely to be skiing in Gstaad, speech-making in Washington or writing in New Delhi as he is to be lecturing in Cambridge. Active in liberal politics, he introduced J.F.K. to Harvard intellectuals (and became J.F.K.'s Ambassador to India). In addition, Galbraith wrote bestsellers in which he chided capitalism and the American compulsion to produce ever more (*The Affluent Society* in 1958, *The New Industrial State* in 1967, and *Public Purpose* in 1973). He spent the past year finishing a new book on the history of money, while traveling round the world filming a series on the history of economics for BBC-TV.

When Galbraith was on campus recently, his colleagues gave him a portable electric typewriter as a retirement



THE STUTTGART BALLET'S HAYDÉE & CRAGUN DANCING TETLEY'S *DAPHNIS AND CHLOE*

MUSIC & DANCE

The Stuttgart Metroliner

John Cranko, founder of the Stuttgart Ballet in 1961, molded it into a company of world rank with his ballets on great classical themes: *Romeo and Juliet*, *Eugene Onegin*, *The Taming of the Shrew*. Cranko's traditional style stressed drama and athleticism. Ballet audiences were therefore stunned when, after Cranko's sudden death in 1973, American Choreographer Glen Tetley was appointed his successor. An iconoclast of the dance, Tetley, 49, raises conservative eyebrows high with his infusion of modern dance idioms into ballet. Again, unlike Cranko, he has always been known for relatively small dance pieces that concentrate on pure movement. He had never created an evening's length ballet. Some doubted that he ever could.

With mixed expectations, then, New Yorkers turned out at the Metropolitan Opera House last week for *Balletdirektor* Tetley's debut visit with the Stuttgart and his first full-scale work, *Daphnis and Chloë*. The choice was an odd one. *Daphnis and Chloë* has not been a lucky ballet. The 1912 Paris premiere by Diaghilev's Ballet Russe suffered from underrehearsal and, according to Michel Fokine, who choreographed the work, indifferent dancing by Karsavina and Nijinsky. No one faulted the dancing of Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes in the 1951 Sadler's Wells revival, but the public was cool to Choreographer Frederick Ashton's jarring transfer of the mythic lovers from the 3rd century B.C. to modern Greece. This

spring, for New York City Ballet's Ravel Festival, John Taras concocted an ill-favored mod-squad version that will probably be consigned to the choreographic trash can. George Balanchine flatly called the Ravel score, with its wildly eccentric rhythms, impossible. Nonetheless, because he was "madly in love with the music," Tetley plunged ahead. Said he: "It is simply one of the most sensual scores ever written. Ravel invoked a Greece of the imagination."

Stripping the shepherd's tale of its garlands and Hellenistic pageantry, Tetley retains only the theme of the legend to provide a scaffolding over which he has draped an elaborate visceral poem. In the Chagall-blue-and-aqua forest of Costume and Scenery Designer Willa Kim, *Daphnis and Chloë*, two innocents danced by Richard Cragun and Marcia Haydée, are instructed in the art of lovemaking by Egon Madsen's lithe and sinuous Pan.

Outer Limits. Tetley's vision is not literary but psychological, vital and sexual. Absent is the usual dance contest between *Daphnis* and the cowherd Dorkon, danced by Reid Anderson, for the reward of *Chloë*'s kiss. The veil dance of Lykanion, the Grecian Salome, is gone too. Instead, German-born Ballerina Birgit Keil slithers into a hot pas de deux with Cragun, whose ardent body is counterpointed by his gentle face. Through her mellifluous movement, Haydée conveys a *Chloë* too ripe to be altogether innocent.

Like Cranko, Tetley pushes his dancers to outer limits, interweaving distended limbs and torsos in intricate pat-

terns. Ballerinas jet up like natural geyserers in grandiose one-handed lifts, only to plummet a moment later in balletic kamikaze dives. This is not orthodox story ballet. But the choreography is fluent, strong, and from the beginning moves with the propulsion of a Metroliner. Tetley's *Daphnis and Chloë* should be a Stuttgart staple.

■ Joan Downs

Classical Records: Pick of the Pack

Beethoven: Bagatelles, Op. 33 and 126 (Glenn Gould, piano; Columbia, \$6.98). Beethoven seized on these miniature piano pieces to perfect the art of compressing much into little. They could almost be called transitorized sonatas. *Op. 126* especially finds the composer speaking with harrowing intensity and sharp intent. Gould, technically brilliant as ever, not only gets the point but conveys the intensity. The most eloquent disc performances of these works since Artur Schnabel set the standard in the 1930s.

Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 93-104—"London Symphonies", Vol. 9 (Philharmonia Hungarica; Antal Dorati, conductor; London/Stereo Treasury; 6 LPs; \$20.94). Dorati herewith completes his collection of all the Haydn symphonies, one of the most successful and rewarding projects in the history of recording. Along the way, Dorati has offered many a joy. Among them are the zestful accounts of Symphonies Nos. 36-48 (Vol. 6), notably including the somber "Trauer" (No. 44), the amusing "Farewell" (No. 45) and the radiant "Maria Theresia" (No. 48), a rich collection of middle-period Haydn. He has also offered an "appendix" album, with alternate Haydn versions of this or that movement, including the finale of No. 103 ("Drumroll"). The appendix shows that as fast and prodigiously as the composer worked, he was never too busy for probing second thoughts. In this concluding album, devoted to Haydn's last great symphonies, Dorati's brisk style does not quite capture all the nuance and power that lies in the music. Otherwise, the record is a commendable capstone to a proud job.

Mahler: Symphony No. 4 in G (Judith Blegen, soprano; Chicago Symphony; James Levine, conductor; RCA, \$6.98). There appears to be little that James Levine, 31, cannot do, except perhaps play Scott Joplin on the tuba. The remarkable new music director of the Metropolitan Opera already has several superlative operatic recordings to his credit (notably *I Vespri Siciliani* on RCA and *Joan of Arc* on Angel). This version of Mahler's *Fourth*, a genial pastoral masterpiece, has a flowing line rarely matched in current interpretations and an intimacy that comes close to Bruno Walter's incomparable recording of the 1940s. The formidable Chi-

The thought is from Samuel Johnson. The interpretation by Corita Kent of Immaculate Heart College.

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Myopia may be the universal problem of the 1970's. As we grapple with the day's pressing problems, our view of the future is blurred and obscured.

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**THE FUTURE IS PURCHASED
BY THE PRESENT**

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Conita

MUSIC

cago Symphony sounds somewhat more relaxed than it often does under its regular leader, Sir Georg Solti, but it plays every bit as attentively.

Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 29, 31, 34, 35, 36, 38-41, Overtures to Don Giovanni and The Marriage of Figaro (London Philharmonic; Sir Thomas Beecham, conductor; Turnabout/Vox; 5 LPs; \$19.95). In his later years, the doughty Sir Thomas sometimes conducted Mozart in a cantankerous, self-indulgent way. But during the 1930s, when most of these London Philharmonic recordings were made, he displayed superb poise, control and mastery of the peculiar blend of fire and ice that lie at the heart of Mozart's music. Beecham's re-recording then of the euphoniously ethereal No. 39 in E-Flat Major, for example, was the first that could truly be called great. It remains splendid in this reissue.

Schubert: Trios, Op. 99 in B-Flat and 100 in E-Flat (Henryk Szeryng, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello; Artur Schnabel, piano; RCA; 2 LPs; \$16.98). Corraling a collection of virtuosos to record chamber music is not always a good idea. Having spent years alone in the spotlight, too many of them lack the knack of bobbing and weaving in rhythm with other minds and hearts. Szeryng, Fournier and Schnabel rank high among the successful exceptions to this individualistic rule. In these trios, each player retains



MOSCOW RADIO SYMPHONY'S TCHAIKOVSKY
Blissful discovery and a genial pastoral masterpiece.



JAMES LEVINE CONDUCTING MAHLER

his own particular musical fist yet manages to fit it into his neighbor's glove. In perfect harmony, they play as if they were giving birth to true Schubertian miracles—which indeed they are.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor (Moscow Radio Symphony; Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, conductor; Melodiya/Angel, \$6.98). Who needs another recording of the Tchaikovsky Fifth? Listen and discover how exciting this music can be without the excessive retards and breakneck tempos that often pass for authentic Russian interpretation. Ro-

zhdestvensky, a principal conductor of the Bolshoi Opera, plays the work straight. Yet in the way he builds his performance from the inside out, making sure that the smallest phrases are in place, he gives the impression of blissful discovery. Part of the conductor's complete cycle of the Tchaikovsky symphonies, this LP is highly recommended, even if it lacks the suavity of Lorin Maazel and the Vienna Philharmonic and even if the Moscow Radio Symphony is not quite the equal, say, of the Leningrad Philharmonic. ■ William Bender

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SCIENCE

Bankrupt Brain Bank?

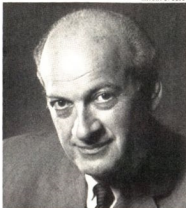
As the speeches droned endlessly on, the white-haired scientist turned in despair to a fellow dinner guest and sighed: "I have just got a new theory of eternity." Albert Einstein's ennui at a function of the National Academy of Sciences was hardly unusual. Though the prestigious organization likes to consider itself the supreme court of American science, it has all too often resembled other self-perpetuating honor societies, like baseball's Hall of Fame or Hollywood's Oscar judges.

Rigorous Scrutiny. Now the academicians of science have finally come under rigorous—and embarrassing—public scrutiny. In a carefully documented book, *The Brain Bank of America: An Inquiry into the Politics of Science* (McGraw-Hill; \$10.95), which was published last week, Journalist Philip Boffey, 39, had only limited help from the academy. By tradition, it keeps most of its working documents private. But Boffey and three young associates, working under the aegis of Ralph Nader's consumerist Center for Study of Responsive Law, overcame the academy's secrecy by conducting more than 500 interviews, many of them with academicians themselves, including an initially reluctant Academy President Philip Handler. In such controversial areas as the sonic booms and atmospheric damage caused by supersonic transports, the dangers of cyclamates and the effects of defoliants in Viet Nam, the study shows in case after case that the academy "al-

this important assignment, Boffey argues, the academy has frequently failed, turning in shallow, inaccurate advice, serving as an ally for industry, the Pentagon and other agencies under scrutiny.

An experienced reporter (the *Wall Street Journal*, *Science* magazine), Boffey, 39, had only limited help from the academy. By tradition, it keeps most of its working documents private. But Boffey

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ACADEMICIAN HANDLER

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CRITIC BOFFEY



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a pleasure, why bother?**

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The answer is Audi

SCIENCE

lowed itself to be used as a shield by those intent on preserving business as usual."

When a committee, for once, criticized the Atomic Energy Commission's handling of nuclear wastes, the annoyed AEC cut off further funding until the academy leadership appointed a more congenial group. Lacking significant outside support, the academy depends on such money for its studies. But Government agencies—or industry—have rarely had to wield a financial club since the committees themselves are frequently staffed by uncritical scientists. Examples: key parts of a report on lead poisoning were drafted by a chemical company scientist; a subcommittee on dog- and cat-food standards was chaired by a pet food company executive; an aerospace company vice president headed the academy's aeronautics and space board. Such panels occasionally did include "public interest" representatives, but they had little influence. "Industry was pretty much calling the tune," says University of Minnesota Environmentalist Dean Abrahamson, who quit the academy's power-plant-site committee in disgust.

Academy President Handler calls Boffey's charges "old hat." He insists that the academy has already done extensive housecleaning: examining potential study-committee members for conflicts of interest, recruiting younger and less conservative scientists for studies (median age of academy members in 1970 was 62), setting up a \$100,000 fund to support worthy studies without outside financing. Adds Handler: "This is a remarkable institution that has served the country well." If it does better in the future, Boffey perhaps should claim some credit. In his final interview, Boffey remarked to Handler that he might be able to use the imminent appearance of a muckraking book to persuade some balky academicians of the need for change. Replied Handler: "Don't think I haven't."

Venus Revisited

Venus has long been an irresistible target for Russian space scientists, who have sent at least nine unmanned probes arcing toward the cloud-shrouded planet—compared with only four sent by the U.S. Last week, as Venus moved into a favorable position once more (as it does every 18 months), the Soviets launched two more ships on the four-month, 230 million-mile journey.

Guarded as usual, the Russians said only that Venera 9 and 10 were a "new type of spacecraft" that would make scientific explorations of Venus and its environment. Western observers expected the ships to attempt soft landings on the scalding Venusian surface, where the temperature is more than 1,000°F—hot enough to melt lead—and atmospheric pressure is 90 times that of the earth's at sea level.

THE PRESS

Lunch with the President

The Rockefeller commission's report on the Central Intelligence Agency is something of a vindication for the *New York Times*, which broke the story of CIA domestic spying in an article last Dec. 22 by Investigative Reporter Seymour Hersh. Yet for months the *Times* sat on an even juicier part of the CIA story—President Ford's concern over the agency's alleged role in foreign assassination plots—but chose not to print it. *Times* editors last week were standing by their decision, but the episode underlined the hazards of giving and taking off-the-record information.

Shortly after Hersh's CIA story, White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen called Clifton Daniel, the *Times* Washington bureau chief, and told him that invitations were being sent for an "informal" lunch with the President. On Jan. 16, seven top *Times*men were ushered into a small dining room in the East Wing for lamb chops with Ford, Nessen, Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld, Economic Adviser Alan Greenspan and Special Consultant Robert Goldwin. The gathering was cordial, though Ford occasionally interjected "Now this is off the record" and "This is not for public." Talk eventually turned to the Rockefeller commission. Ford expressed concern that the inquiry could uncover embarrassing CIA activities not related to domestic spying. "Like what?" asked Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal, always the reporter. Replied the President: "Assassinations."

Ford's Concern. Afterward, the editors gathered in Daniel's office and agreed that since the lunch was off the record, the *Times* could not print the President's disclosure. When Daniel tried to get Nessen to relent and put the quote on the record, the press secretary stood firm. A day or two later, Daniel chatted with Reporter Hersh about the CIA's possible role in foreign assassinations, but Daniel says he did not reveal the President's mention of the subject; in any case, Hersh kept busy on the story's domestic angle. "Why didn't I tell him to drop everything and get on the foreign-assassination story?" asks Daniel. "Because it wasn't new. What was new was that Ford was concerned. We couldn't print that story. I don't take my word lightly. I don't think gentlemen and journalists are mutually exclusive."

Word of the lunch eventually got to CBS Newsman Daniel Schorr, who on Feb. 28 reported the President's concern about CIA assassination plots. Schorr's report stirred a mild sensation, and former CIA Director Richard Helms denounced the reporter as "Killer Schorr! Killer Schorr!" But by then the Rockefeller commission was well into its investigation, and its final report pleads



TIMES REPORTER SEYMOUR HERSH
Secrets will out.

—not too convincingly—that there was not enough time to examine the subject fully. Schorr refuses to identify his source.

Did the President deliberately make that off-the-record lunchtime disclosure in order to keep the paper—and the hard-charging Hersh—off the assassination trail? Government and corporate officials occasionally try to "lock up" news organizations with strategically placed not-for-publication disclosures. In the President's case, it is unlikely that he spoke out of guile. "I don't know how devious the President is," answers Ron Nessen, "and I'm not going to ask him." Managing Editor Rosenthal sees no skulduggery in the President's remark. Says he: "How did he know that we would respect the off-the-record part?"

Leaky Table. Not everyone at the *Times* is entirely pleased that the paper elected to be so trustworthy. "As far as I'm concerned, when you've got that many people around a table, nothing is off the record," says Assistant Editor Tom Wicker, who attended the lunch. "But I work here, so I accepted the decision." Says Hersh: "Things have a way of leaking—which is why it's ridiculous to make those agreements."

Ridiculous it may be, but journalists often find it essential to let their sources say things privately that they would never say otherwise. Some of these sources may try to entomb sensitive information by using the off-the-record stratagem, but the presidential luncheon episode seems to prove, as Seymour Hersh says, that such things do have a way of getting out.

America: Our Byproduct Nation/

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

Since 1776 the U.S. has grown from a sliver of colonies along the Atlantic coast into a colossus whose shores are also washed by the Pacific and even the Arctic oceans, from a population of 2.5 million into one nearly 90 times larger, from a simple agrarian society into the world's most technologically sophisticated civilization. How did we get from there to here? How have we changed in our 200 years? And what do these changes portend for our future?

The following TIME Bicentennial Essay is the first in a series that will appear periodically into early 1976, and will seek to answer those questions. The opening essay examines the nature of American nationhood: how we evolved from "these United States" into "the United States"—one nation, indivisible.

Looking back from the late 20th century, it is easy for us to forget that our nation was really born in a War for Independence and not in a war for nationhood. Yet that is the crucial fact about American nationalism, and helps us understand how this nation could be born without ever having been conceived.

Nowhere in the Declaration of Independence does the word nation appear. The title of the final version described the document as "the unanimous Declaration of the thirteen united [small u] States of America." There was no one capital city against which the British could aim a mortal blow. During the first five years of the War for Independence, British troops occupied every one of the most populous towns (Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston) without decisive effect on the war's outcome.

The wartime union of the colonies, American statesmen assumed, would be only temporary. "The present Union will but little survive the present war," James Madison predicted. "They [the states] ought to be as fully impressed with the necessity of the Union during the war as of its probable dissolution after it." Endless bickering in their Continental (not "National") Congress, accusations by small states against large and by the poor against the rich, the difficulty of securing "contributions" from the states—all these have become familiar in our own time in the meetings of sovereign independent states in a so-called "United Nations," and give a new vividness to the problems of our leaders in those days.

The colonists survived against the most powerful nation of their day, not because of strong national sentiment but rather because of a host of other factors: the extended British lines, the aid of the French, the unorthodox modes of American warfare, the ingenious makeshifts and improvisations of American commanders who had not had the advantage of being bred in a rigid European military etiquette (Americans would actually fight at night, in the woods and on rainy days), and the steadfast, cou-

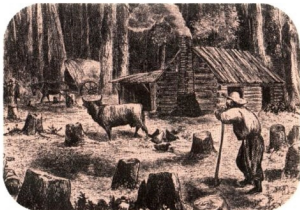
rageous leadership of George Washington. In retrospect it might be more accurate to say that the British lost, than that the Americans won.

"Our country," as John Adams used that phrase in 1774, was Massachusetts, and he called his colony's delegation in Congress "our embassy." For Jefferson, until much later, "my country" usually meant Virginia. The decisive resolution (introduced in the Continental Congress on June 7, 1776, by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, seconded by John Adams and adopted on July 2, 1776) that provided the occasion for the Declaration of Independence declared "That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." Even until the Civil War the nation was commonly described in the plural, as "these United States."

In our homogenized age it is hard to realize how great seemed the differences between the colonies, how long were those miles that we now cover in an hour by air. Differences had accumulated as the population spread out and as the colonial decades wore on. In 1760 the shrewd Benjamin Franklin (experienced in trying to bring colonies together) said that even if, in the "impossible" event of "grievous tyranny and oppression," a few colonies should somehow ever come together, "those colonies that did not join the rebellion, would join the mother country in suppressing it." As John Adams recalled, "the colonies had grown up under constitutions of government so different, there was so great a variety of religions, they were composed of



1870s: KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD PASSENGERS SHOOT BUFFALO



1770s: SETTLER CLEARS FARM IN NEW ENGLAND

so many different nations, their customs, manners and habits had so little resemblance, and their intercourse had been so rare, and their knowledge of each other so imperfect, that to unite them... was certainly a very difficult enterprise."

A single nation spreading 2,800 miles across one of the most varied landscapes in the world was therefore beyond the imagination of those whom we call our founding fathers. The generation that fought the War for Independence and wrote the federal Constitution doubted that a representative government could decently and efficiently rule a large area. The excesses and failures of the British Parliament in its effort to govern the colonies seemed an obvious illustration. When Patrick Henry argued against ratifying the federal Constitution in the Virginia Convention (June 9, 1788), he called for a single example of a great extent of country governed by one Congress. "One government," he insisted, "cannot reign over so extensive a country as this, without absolute despotism." Americans were fighting against the evils of being governed at a distance.

BICENTENNIAL ESSAY

In the Old World at the time of the American Revolution, the modern nation was still taking shape. There had been stirrings of nationalism in Western Europe as early as the 14th century, but in the 18th century the characteristic medieval institutions—a feudalism that tied people and their children to a particular plot of land and a Catholicism that made everybody a member of a universal church—were by no means dead. Great Britain was ahead of most of the Continent in talking and acting like a single nation. In France the Bourbon kings were still addressing their subjects not as the "French" people but as the peoples of Languedoc, Gascony, Burgundy, Picardy and other duchies and regions that had been brought under the suzerainty



1900s: ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS ARRIVE IN NEW YORK

of the House of Bourbon. The word "nation," from the Latin *nasci* (to be born), with strong overtones of a tribal or racial community, still commonly referred to the people who happened to be born in one particular region and who shared a common ancestry.

Loyalties were gradually transformed. A wholesome love of the locality of your birth (*le pays*) became a belligerent devotion-to-the-death to a vast "fatherland" (*la patrie*) and its government. The Protestant Reformation, meanwhile, had bred scores of new sects of Christianity. The once Europe-wide loyalty to a single "catholic" church was fragmented into national churches. At the same time, skepticism and science bred doubts of the sovereignty of a single supernatural God. The struggle of nations for power then became the story of modern European history—of its boundary disputes, its wars, its revolutions, its literatures and cultures, its deepest communal loves and its bitterest hatreds.

Not until the 19th and 20th centuries did modern nationalism in Europe produce its ripest fruit and its lethal poisons. Nationalism proved to be the modern tribalism, fencing in thought, focusing passions and blinding men to their common humanity. Chauvinism—the word for unreasoning patriotism—came from Nicolas Chauvin, a soldier serving in the French revolutionary and Napoleonic wars who made himself notorious for his militant national enthusiasm. "Our country, right or wrong!" became a battle cry of peace-loving people.

The growing pride in national cultures and the rise of language consciousness fed the virus. With the spread of literacy and of the cheap daily press, nationalism in the virulent form of chauvinism swept Europe. By 1885 Nietzsche could define a nation as "a group of men who speak one language and read the same newspapers." The epic of nationalism, enlivened by folklore, poetry, painting and music, became a worldwide tragedy written in blood.

For much of our history, this nation was settled by victims of nationalism. The War for Independence was sparked by the inability of the British to find a fair status for "colonials" in their



1970s: CALIFORNIA FARM WORKERS RALLY IN SACRAMENTO

growing nation. Later settlers (for some reason we call them "immigrants") came as refugees from nationalism, from its excesses and its horrors. Some had been deprived of their rights in nations to which they really belonged. Others had been forcibly included in larger nations to which they felt no loyalty. Many came to escape the draft in dynastic wars. Some—indentured servants, transported criminals, or slaves—were brought here against their will.

Our American brand of nationalism was produced while people here were thinking of something else. The early British settlers already had their Old World nation, and long continued to feel themselves part of it. But they and all later comers to America—Irish, Germans, Poles, Italians, Czechs, Jews, Negroes and many others—were willy-nilly committed to a common search in a strange land. How to make a living and a new life? How to clear the wilderness and get crops to grow? How to lay roads, dig canals and build cities? How to construct and organize factories, to find customers, and to begin to trade profitably with the rest of the world? Out of this variegated common search came a nation.

This was to be a Byproduct Nation, made much less by people hoping to glorify the land of their grandparents than by people working to provide a decent, prosperous life for their grandchildren. European nationalism hallowed the past; this new American nationalism hallowed the future. The very same features that had made the Revolutionary generation wonder whether there could ever be one nation across the continent—the vastness of the land, the diversity of landscapes and climates, the conglomeration of peoples, the mixture of skills and traditions, the variety of religion—finally proved to be the nation's peculiar strength.

When American settlers moved westward across the continent, they, like the early Atlantic seaboard settlers, went in secession. They went *away* from pre-empted lands and diminished opportunities, from towns that to them seemed already crowded, to a new America in the West. They went not to build a nation but to find opportunity. The founding of the Western states, the writing of their constitutions, the building of their cities was as American an epic as the story of the first 13 colonies. These Americans too saw that they could not be decently governed at a distance. They too wanted statehood. The struggle for independence was relived again and again, on the prairies, in the mountains, in the new cities.

The wars that America fought for a variety of motives incidentally persuaded its citizens that "these United States" were actually one United States. The American Revolution gave 13 disparate colonies a hint of their possible united strength and their peculiarly American advantages. The War of 1812 confirmed independence from Britain. The Civil War made a national government and helped build a national economy. To supply a large and wide-ranging army, the North speeded the unifying of the railroad systems with a standard gauge, and found itself compelled to produce clothing and all sorts of other items in unprecedented quantities and in nationally standardized sizes. The victory of the North established the fact that no state could



divorce itself from the Union, that the Union was an indissoluble nation.

Over there, in 19th century Europe, new nations arose as different peoples asserted their right to speak in (and be governed in) their ancestral tongue. Language (the "mother tongue"), as Nietzsche observed, became the common test of peoplehood, of nationality—and of the legitimate range of government. Impassioned nationalists, like the Italian Giuseppe Mazzini, demanded that the Austrian Empire and other motley empires be dismembered. People were thought to be like different species of plants, each of which could grow properly only in its own ancestral habitat.

But the making of America was the unmaking of these clichés. Here it was discovered that no people was quite as peculiar as Old World nationalist leaders had urged them to believe. You became an American by coming to a strange land and learning to speak somebody else's language. Broken English would be the only tongue that really expressed our history. No wonder, then, that education became our national fetish, for the public schoolroom was the frontier of the mind, where children of older nations learned to speak a common language.

The grandchildren of men who had fought each other on the battlefields of Europe now became good neighbors. Of course, this demanded a new kind of patriotism. Older settlers, who imagined that newcomers could become more "American" by becoming more like themselves, were all wrong. America was always being redefined by the arriving millions, by the common quest for a new kind of nation.

As the 20th century wore on we became more and more a nation of birthright Americans. The proportion of native-born Americans increased every year. While 85% of the population was native-born in 1890, the number was 93% in 1950. In the familiar illogic of nationalistic pride, birthright Americans—here not by choice but by chance—began to insist that there was some special virtue in their nativity. The American spirit seemed to be changing from *The World Turned Upside Down* (a song of the Revolutionary period) to *God Bless America*.

Yet when Americans joined two world wars, they believed they were fighting not primarily to preserve the integrity of national boundaries but to defend principles by which men could and should live everywhere. They kept alive Lincoln's faith that this nation was destined to be "the last, best hope of earth." They were not talking the language of nationalism when they spoke in American accents of Making the World Safe for Democracy or of Defending the Four Freedoms.

The rising flood of current news—in the papers, on radio, on television—buried the past. Sociology and social studies, the sciences of unfavorable comparisons, buried history. Americans, forgetting how far they had come, could think only of the present and its extension into the future.

In our day we face the danger that the old-fashioned nationalism (with its corollary isolationism) will become newly respectable. We are in danger of forgetting our oldest American tradition, that the nation exists for the sake of principles that can be shared. This nation first declared its independence in "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind." Our uniqueness as a nation may depend on our ability and our power to preserve this paradox. In every generation we must once again declare our independence, while finding new ways to discover and declare our community with the world.

Just after mid-century, there came a new awakening of the American conscience. Like earlier Great Awakenings, it was compounded of religion and an impatience with history. More Americans than ever before were dazzled by the contrast between perfect faith and crude fulfillment. They were less impressed by the fact that Negroes had been emancipated from slavery, that the Constitution proclaimed them equal, than by the fact that Negroes were still enchained by unequal schooling, unequal housing, unequal employment. They were less impressed by the rights that women had won than by the rights still to be won. They became obsessed by the deprivations and indignities visited on minority Americans, impoverished Americans, imprisoned Americans, mentally retarded Americans.

Frustrated by "victory" in two world wars (and troubled by doubts about the war in Viet Nam), surfeited by an American standard of living, many Americans, then, were tempted to become refugees from the American quest. Some felt that the decent, prosperous life the earlier Americans wanted for their grandchildren had not been achieved by them. But belligerent campaigns for ethnic and racial pride fragmented the nation with new chauvinisms. The fertile pleasures of an immigrant nation were displaced by cold-blooded quotas—unashamed power struggles of Americans against themselves. The struggle for minority rights became a demand for minority veto.

There was a dangerous new temptation to believe that the great national goals could be defined by numbers. Because many of our ills—pollution, inflation and unemployment—had to be described statistically, we were inclined to believe that our goals could be described the same way. We began to be threatened by what the New England Puritans called the sin of pride—belief that all our possibilities had already been revealed to us.

We must have the courage to remain a Byproduct Nation. We must have the courage to be concrete, to specify our projects while still refusing to fence in our national hopes. We must refuse the solace of ideology and crusading dogmas. While others talk of National Purpose, we must remain a nation in quest, believing that for us there can only be national purposes, that these are newly revealed to every generation, and that our efforts must be devoted no less to discovery than to fulfillment. We must not forget our oldest tradition—that our New World is a reservoir of mystery and of promise. For this nation, which had never been conceived, grew in the open air on a continent that had never been imagined to exist. How can Americans believe that they are the last New World?

Daniel J. Boorstin, author of the monumental trilogy *The Americans*, won the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1974. His latest book is *Democracy and Its Discontents*.





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BOOKS

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THE ENCHANTED PLACES

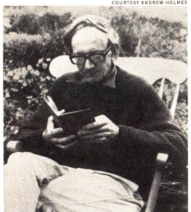
by CHRISTOPHER MILNE
169 pages, Dutton, \$6.95.

There are some truths that even a strong man should not have to bear, and one of them may be the fact that Christopher Robin's mother always wanted a baby girl named Rosemary, not a boy at all. For nine years she dressed Winnie-the-Pooh's young master in girl's clothes and left his hair long. "I remained a boy," Christopher Robin now confesses. "But only just. I was one of her few failures."

Christopher Robin, of course, is Christopher Milne, who today confronts the world as a shy, bespectacled, 54-year-old bookshop owner and amateur carpenter from the British provinces. If his life has not exactly been blasted by Pooh and Mummy, it has had its melancholy moments, and with both parents now dead, he has written a book. This is the age of dreadful domestic disclosure (Elliott Roosevelt nipping at Eleanor in the guise of historian; Nigel Nicolson vicariously reveling in the vagaries of V. Sackville-West). A friend of Pooh therefore at first approaches *Enchanted Places* the way Piglet crept up on the Heffalump trap: full of horrible fascination but ready to run for his life.

Brains or Fluff. No need to panic. Milne wears his rue with a certain deference. Most of his revelations are brief, more marked by tact and irony than by whine or whimsy. In truth, Mummy, a daughter of the rich and distinguished de Selincourt family, does not come off very well. When Rabbit says to Owl, "You and I have brains. The others just have fluff," Milne makes clear that "the others" emphatically includes his mother. She was dim, she hated games and was good only at gardening, interior decoration and tying parcels—the one "practical thing she was properly taught in her whole life." But she laughed at A.A. Milne's jokes.

By enhanced contrast, the creator of *Winnie-the-Pooh* was brainy, an am-



CHRISTOPHER MILNE TODAY
Never a girl named Rosemary.

ateur mathematician, a superior gamesman especially addicted to cricket and golf. A.A. Milne had been an editor of *Punch*, a master of whimsy and light verse. The Pooh books are for grown-ups as well as children, and he wrote them to make money and please himself as well as to please Christopher Robin. In fact, the elder Milne appears to have regarded small children as egotists and barbarians. "I have certainly never felt the least sentimental about them," he once told an interviewer, "or no more sentimental than one becomes for a moment over a puppy or a kitten." He rarely played with his son when Christopher was little.

Young Milne did not get to know his father until he was old enough to go away to prep school, and like many an Englishman, he seems to owe more kindness and wisdom to his nanny than to his parents. The book shows greater nostalgia for the land around Crotchford, the family place near Ashdown Forest, than for the world's most famous stuffed animals. But yes, dear reader, the Six Pine Trees, the Hundred Acre Wood, Galleon's Lap (where Pooh and C.R. said their last goodbye), Christopher Robin's tree house and the Poohsticks Bridge were real. The book offers



CHRISTOPHER ROBIN MILNE IN 1925

photographs juxtaposed against E.H. Shepherd's matchless drawings to prove it. The animals were real too, except for Owl and Rabbit, though Kanga and Tigger, Milne explains, "were later arrivals, carefully chosen ... for their literary possibilities."

Roo was lost in an apple orchard and never heard from again. The original Pooh, Piglet, Kanga, Eeyore and Tigger eventually emigrated to America for purposes of commerce and now sit in a glass wall case in the offices of E.P. Dutton on lower Park Avenue in New York. Friends of Pooh often feel that Milne should object to this, even though they do not keep their own childhood animals around them. "But my Pooh is different, you say; he is *the* Pooh," writes Milne in reply. "No, this only makes him different to you, not different to me. My toys were and are to me no more than yours were and are to you ... Fame has nothing to do with love."

Whisper Who Dares. Rather the reverse. The book notes some of the minor agonies of a lifetime trying to escape from literary renown: "Now Marmaduke, you can tell your friends you've shaken hands with Christopher Robin." Milne mentions his toe-curling horror at hearing classmates at boarding school play a record of *Vespers* on the Victrola: "Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares! Christopher Robin is saying his prayers." *Enchanted Places* is eloquent about the joys of countryside, the felicities of light verse. Milne writes with wit and humane perception about his later relationship with his father. In a space hardly larger than a Pooh book, he has, in fact, unobtrusively condensed a mini-memoir, a portrait of A.A. Milne, a bittersweet study of a literary celebrity in the '20s and something very like an annotated *Winnie-the-Pooh*. It is pure HUNNY all the way to the bottom of the jar.

■ Timothy Faote



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BOOKS

Love at the Table d'Hôte

THE LITTLE HOTEL

by CHRISTINA STEAD

191 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
\$6.95.

Ships of fools and modern hostelries continue to do the job that mead halls and pilgrimages did for earlier eras of writers. They provide a place where assorted folk can tell their tales, show their colors and generally present themselves for inspection. In *The Little Hotel*, Australian Novelist Christina Stead, 74, has assembled a crew as sad, funny and perverse as any ever gathered together in the name of art.

Mme. Bonnard, whose chatty recollections make up most of the novel, is the quizzical young *patronne* of a marginally respectable pension just after World War II in Switzerland. Her cli-



CHRISTINA STEAD

As muddled as anyone you know.

entele are a score of moneyed drifters whose principal interest is in living comfortably beneath their means. They include the manic Belgian mayor of B., who writes dotty memoirs on the rims of hotel towels and thinks everyone is a German spy; the curmudgeonly "Admiral," a half-deaf, near-blind British dowager who always seems to be bellowing for an elevator that never comes; and the defiantly gay Princess Bili, whose frenzied affection is divided between an absent Italian gigolo and an ever-present Sealyham dog that "sings" *D'ye Ken John Peel?* Waiting upon this odd lot of aging Everymen is an equally bizarre collection of German, Swiss, French and Italian servants who trade ethnic insults and intrigue against (and occasionally fall in love with) one another.

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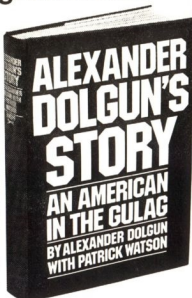
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—The New Leader

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—Milwaukee Journal
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BOOKS

lives, become entangled, but never really make connection. "They are very nice, but I can't go on all my life trying to love people at the table d'hôte," complains Mrs. Trollope, a still beautiful Eurasian heiress who dreams of living a settled, grandmotherly life in London. But her movements—like those of all the guests—are charted on another course, often determined by the rates of exchange. Obsessed with money, these inveterate wayfarers remain paying guests not only in the hotel but in one another's lives, never fully possessing anything, particularly themselves.

People Suffer. It is this pattern of self-inflicted frustration that gives *The Little Hotel* its coherence and links to earlier Stead novels like *The House of All Nations* (1938), an onslaught on the venal world of high finance, and *The Man Who Loved Children* (1940), a chronicle of domestic agony that Clifton Fadiman once described as "*Little Women* rewritten by a demon." The author's tone has mellowed, however. As Mrs. Trollope, the only character who manages to free herself from the bondage of the bankbook, observes, "People suffer and we call them names; but all the time they are suffering. I know I am not clever: it's partly because I cannot believe that life is meant to be ugly."

When last heard of, Mrs. Trollope has set off on a hopeful search for stability. One suspects, though, that the author may have decided that "trying to love people at the table d'hôte" is just about as good a deal as anybody ever gets in life. "You are always astonished at how people can muddle their lives," Madame Bonnard concludes. The reader nods in agreement and suddenly realizes that this collection of freaks and trimmers have taken on the unquestionable, tantalizing reality of lives lived within earshot. Put down the book and they will still be there, as muddled as anyone you know. ■ Le Anne Schreiber

Salad Days

THE TWENTIES
by EDMUND WILSON
557 pages, Farrar, Straus & Giroux.
\$10.

Posterity's revenge on writers who overshadow it is to turn them into monuments. In the case of Edmund Wilson, the process was well under way two years ago when he died at 77—already muffled in a banner bearing the legend "Distinguished Man of Letters." But here, in *The Twenties*, Wilson's ghost puts in a timely appearance that should forestall too much veneration—breaking out the gin, putting a record on the Victrola and eagerly looking over every petty flapper in the room.

During the time chronicled in these notebooks (expertly edited by Leon Edel), Wilson was merely Bunny Wilson, a bright, pompous young writer

JAWS

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BOOKS



EDMUND WILSON AT 21
The road to Axel's Castle.

among other writers in Greenwich Village. He supported himself with work at *Vanity Fair*, where the staff sometimes played a game with the secretaries called "The Rape of the Sabine Women," and later became an associate editor of the more staid *New Republic*. By day, he reviewed the best of his contemporaries. After hours, he saw them not quite at their best: E.E. Cummings lying in a bathtub maliciously imitating John Dos Passos' speech impediment; Dorothy Parker surrounded by "the vulgarity of her too much perfume." Even Wilson's Princeton friend Scott Fitzgerald was a "sloppy boor" who got drunk and knocked people unconscious in the lavatory.

Edna St. Vincent Millay aroused both Wilson's intellectual and physical passion to "a blaze of ecstasy." But Millay, who had the same effect on dozens of men, was soon off for Europe. Wilson had to share his farewell embrace on a day bed with another admirer, John Peale Bishop, "I [holding] her lower half and John her upper—with a polite exchange of pleasantries as to which had the better share."

Wilson was more at ease with women below his social and intellectual level. Determinedly throwing off a puritanical upbringing, he tirelessly pursued sexual conquests, grappling in the backs of taxis, making passes in tango palaces. His most satisfying affair was with a woman he later wrote about in *Memoirs of Hecate County*, a waitress from a Brooklyn slum who had a husband in Sing Sing.

As shown by Wilson's magazine pieces from these years (collected in 1952 in *The Shores of Light*), he had a tenacious curiosity about virtually everything. This is what makes *The Twenties* not only a memoir but the remarkable, jagged portrait of an era. Vaudeville, Charles Lindbergh, the significance of D.H. Lawrence's small head, lists of slang, the Sacco and Vanzetti murder trial, what it felt like to take a fast taxi ride through Manhattan while drunk,

other people's family histories, the woman who kept a pet alligator in her bathtub and hypnotized it until it was limp—all are coolly, sometimes gravely considered.

Unglossed with second thoughts or self-justifications, Wilson's impressions sometimes recall the heartless mirth of an otherwise very dissimilar writer of the period, Evelyn Waugh. If friends got divorced, or somebody disappeared, or a girl slit her wrist with the top of a spaghetti can—well, the other revelers could not pause too long over the misfortune lest they lose their grip and go under too. Wilson himself almost did. In 1929 he suffered a nervous breakdown, probably from the cumulative strain of deadlines and tangled romances. While in the sanatorium he became addicted briefly to the drug paraldehyde.

Recovered, Wilson set about "accomplishing work which I had begun to feel was long overdue." The best early result was the superb study of the exquisite Symbolist movement that was to become his first major book, *Axel's Castle*. ("Living? We'll leave that to the servants," said decadent Count Axel.) This departure exacted its melancholy price. As the decade ended, Wilson was falling away from old companions, from the "outlaw" life of the Village, from youth. The mood was summed up by his favorite cousin Sandy Kimball, a schizophrenic whom Wilson visited in an institution: "Life's all right if you can stand it."

■ Christopher Porterfield

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Moneychangers, Hailey (1 last week)
- 2—Shardik, Adams (3)
- 3—Centennial, Michener (2)
- 4—The Promise of Joy, Drury (4)
- 5—The Dreadful Lemon Sky, MacDonald (6)
- 6—The Massacre at Fall Creek, West (5)
- 7—A Month of Sundays, Updike (8)
- 8—Spindrift, Whitney (7)
- 9—Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Rosner
- 10—The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, Meyer (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—Breath of Faith, White (4)
- 2—Total Fitness, Morehouse & Gross (1)
- 3—The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz (3)
- 4—Conversations with Kennedy, Bradlee (7)
- 5—The Ascent of Man, Branowski (2)
- 6—Here at The New Yorker, Gill (5)
- 7—Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders, Bugliosi with Gentry (6)
- 8—How the Good Guys Finally Won, Breslin (9)
- 9—TM: Discovering Inner Energy and Overcoming Stress, Bloomfield, Cain & Jaffe
- 10—Kate, Higham

MODERN LIVING

Playing Sheik

At 29, Baron Arnaud de Rosnay is no run-of-the-disco jet-setter. The dashing entrepreneur already has behind him careers as France's national surf-board champion, a photojournalist, a publicist and a backgammon promoter. Now, like a man who contemplates an ocean and invents the squirt gun, De Rosnay has come up with a parlor game based on the energy crisis.

The game, which has just gone on sale at such stores as Saks Fifth Avenue, Neiman-Marcus and Garfinkel's, is appropriately known as *Petropolis*. Adapted from the Monopoly formula ("Only I made it more beautiful and up to date," De Rosnay says modestly), *Petropolis* involves oilfields, rigs and derricks rather than real estate, houses and hotels. The aim of the game is to pile up the most exclusive oil concessions and fattest profits on a board divided into sections named after the 27 most petrolierous nations.

Financed with plastic-coated petrodollars marked IN OIL WE TRUST, the player seeks to control and exploit all the countries belonging to the same color group—Saudi Arabia and Iran, for example, or Abu Dhabi, Dubai and Sharjah. Aside from the roll of the dice, advances or reverses occur when the would-be oil potentate lands on the space marked "Telex," where a message may order him to return to the Geneva Airport—equivalent to Monopoly's "Go" position—notify him of a crippling tanker strike or tell him to skip ahead to be photographed for a TIME cover.

Petropolis is initially intended, it seems, for people who already have oil enough and time. It comes in a green leather briefcase, and the pieces include 34 silver-plated derricks, 14 gold-plated platforms, a minicalculator to compute royalties and interest and a device that signals a predetermined quitting time. The price of the game: \$790 per set.

When the market for these sets shows signs of fading, a less exclusive version will be available in vinyl at around \$150. A cardboard set, selling for about \$14, is expected to go on the market next year.

De Rosnay hopes that his new venture will enable him to escape Paris for six months a year "on a big sailboat" with three rooms: a stateroom, a library and a room for telecommunications. That should not be too difficult even if *Petropolis* fails to catch on. De Rosnay's beautiful wife Isabel, 21 (TIME, June 16), is a granddaughter of Bolivian Multimillionaire Antenor Patiño, whose trust is in tin.



WEEKEND VISITORS AT TRAILER PARK IN YORK HARBOR, ME.

Rating the Tourist

The sign may say WELCOME TO QUAINVILLE, but the real message may be GO SOMEWHERE ELSE. That, at least, is what many tourists are beginning to suspect as they get the cold shoulder from communities. The locals are increasingly questioning the assumption that hordes of visitors automatically mean progress and prosperity—and they may be right.

After three postwar decades of headlong tourist development, a number of states from Oregon to Maine have reappraised the actual near- and long-term value of tourism in ecological, social and economic terms. Using a kind of restaurant-rating system in reverse, the consulting firm of Arthur D. Little Inc., for example, conducted a study for the state of Maine. The study rated the social and environmental impact of various types of tourists by measuring them on a scale of minus one (for least damaging) to minus five for each of a dozen criteria, and comparing the total with the vacationers' average expenditure per tourist day. Topping the list, in terms of least environmental and social intrusion, are conventioners (minus 20) and business visitors (minus 24); the two classes of visitors also spent the most money (business, \$25.10 per tourist per day; conventioners, \$23.80). At the bottom on both scores are campers, with a minus-45 environmental-social rating and expenditures of only \$10.30 daily. In between are skiers and sightseers (minus 31 and minus 33) and, lower still, snowmobilers and salt-water boaters (minus 35 and minus 41).

A study of tourism in Maryland, also prepared by Little, shows that visitors who stay in hotels or motels on the state's popular Eastern Shore not only spend four times as much as campers

but also generate six times more jobs, seven times more income and over five times as much tax revenue for the area. Using these and similar studies, state and community planners hope to devise strategies for balanced tourist growth. Rather than employ scattershot advertising, such as Maine billboards with the inane slogan LOVER COME BACK TO ME, for example, many states could emphasize such qualities as clean air and uncrowded roads. They could also take the strain off overcrowded, ecologically fragile coastal resources by developing and promoting relatively unspoiled inland areas. "Tourism has been profitable to Maine," the Little study concludes. "But if it means public resentment and decline in the quality of life, the price is too high."

The Canoe Boom

The Fox River was a fine canoeing stream back in 1875, when the Potawatomi Indians headed down it in birchbarks. It still is, as 1,470 weekend paddlers found this month when they took part in the 15th Annual Mid-American Canoe Race. In bright aluminum and fiber-glass craft with names like *Shark One* and *Titanic*, the contestants braved a broad, meandering 22-mile stretch of the river in northern Illinois, suffering no injury worse than a cut leg and some overtaxed stomach muscles.

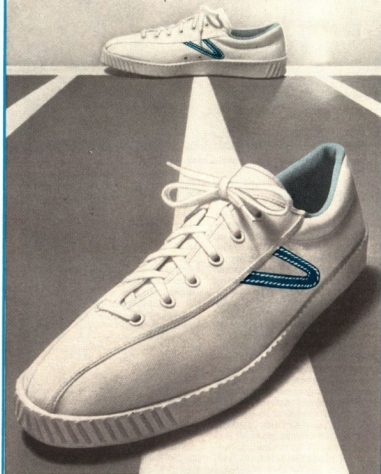
At the end of the race, when the sweaty survivors rejoined their families and cars at Aurora, few seemed to remember who exactly had won. But then, as Paul Vlakancic, 20, of Batavia, Ill., said proudly, "Just getting here was the main achievement."

For most amateurs, the charm of getting there, or getting no place in particular, without gas fumes or hassle or special training, is what canoeing is all



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MODERN LIVING

about—and why it has become one of the fastest-growing sports in the U.S. The output of canoes, which has doubled in the past four years, shows no sign of being dented by recession or inflation; overall growth of the sport is estimated at 20% per year.

Independent Souls. A compelling reason for canoeing's surge is its convenience. From the Youghiogheny to the Willamette, from white-water torrents to scenic waterways as placid as a bowl of vichyssoise, the U.S. is blessed with hundreds of thousands of inviting streams; Illinois alone boasts 6,500 miles of canoeable water. (Oldtimers say, "If the grass is wet, you can get a canoe through.") Canoes are simple to carry atop a car and easy to tote ("portage") around a rapids. A standard aluminum model costs \$300 or less; in many areas, "the poor man's yacht" can be rented for \$10 a day.

While organized white-water racing is an exciting, dangerous sport still in its infancy—the first U.S. championships were held in 1958—the great majority of canoeists are typically unexercised Americans who seek a maximum of relaxation with a minimum of risk. Though the hundreds of canoeing clubs in the U.S. schedule an increasing number of races, drifting trips and other mass events, the average weekend canoeist seems to be an independent soul who prefers to stay far from the paddling crowd. Says Dave Carleson, who manufactures, rents and sells canoes in Portland, Ore.: "Most people want to enjoy the sounds of the wilderness, or watch riverbank creatures, or explore a lily-pad-laden inlet, or hear the sound of water stirred by their paddles." Hiawatha would have bought that—if not the Potawatomis.

FAMILY PADDLING IN FLORIDA



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The Bullfrog. (Smirnoff and limeade.)

When we first introduced this drink, we were of two minds about it. "Tastes as fresh-faced as summer," we said. But was it, perhaps, a trifle "unsophisticated?"

By this time the Bullfrog has acquired a modest but growing following who don't seem to have any problems with it at all.

Which raises the question: can a tall, green drink called a Bullfrog become a summertime tradition? That, of course, is entirely up to you.



To make a Bullfrog, pour 1½ oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. limeade and stir.

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	tar, mg/cig	nicotine, mg/cig
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Brand R (Filter)	14	0.9
Brand K (Menthol)	13	0.8
Brand D (Menthol)	13	0.9
Brand M (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand T (Menthol)	12	0.7
Brand V (Filter)	12	0.8
Brand V (Menthol)	11	0.8
Brand T (Filter)	11	0.6
Carlton Filter	4	0.3
Carlton Menthol	4	0.3

Carlton 70's (lowest of all brands)—
2 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter and Menthol: 4 mg. "tar", 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.